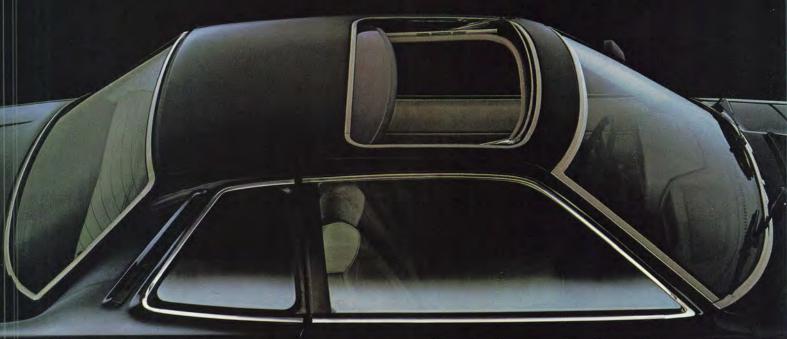




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THE POWER-OPERATED MOONROOF. FOR OPENERS, IT'S STANDARD.

At the push of a button, the tinted-glass moonroof slides back. At the same time, an automatic deflector helps keep the wind out.

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SOME SIMPLE ENGINEERING FACTS.

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HONDA

We make it simple.





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# ON THE COVER Marvin Powell in 2004

Law school, campaigning, constant reading—they're all part of the political preparation of the Jets AFC-NFC Pro Bowl tackle Marvin Powell, who is serious when he says he wants to be By John Powers

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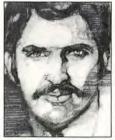
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West Virginia House of Delegates last year. He has combined both jobs successfully. By David Shribman

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Some players prepared for it before they retired; others found the transition more difficult. Andy Russell, Bob Trumpy, Dwight White, Eddie Hinton, Mike Wagner, Bob Johnson, and Oscar Reed discuss what it's been like since the end of their NFL careers. By Ray Buck

## Little Canton's Big Weekend . . . . . 90

The Pro Football Hall of Fame enshrinement is only one of the attractions of a special weekend in Canton, Ohio, where football has a revered tradition. There's also the charm of mid-American life.

By Phil Musick; photographs by Ross Lewis

# **PRO! DATA**

### Behind the Editorial Scenes





**Iobn Powers** 

David Shribman

ATLANTA FALCONS SAFETY TOM PRIDEmore is one. New York Jets tackle Marvin Powell wants to be one. Kansas City Chiefs placekicker Nick Lowery has worked for three of them.

This issue of PRO! offers evidence that politics and football do mix. Last year, when Pridemore was elected to the West Virginia House of Delegates, he found out about his victory on the practice field in Atlanta. David Shribman, who has talked to a lot of politicians as a writer for the Buffalo Evening News and Washington Star, shows Pridemore's concern for his constituency in "Coal Miners' Favorite Son," which begins on page 53.

"Tom is a real West Virginian," Shribman says. "When I interviewed him in Atlanta, he didn't know too much about the downtown area, and I don't think that really concerned him. He's not like a lot of people I've seen in Washington. He's not politically 'on' every minute. He's just a nice guy.

Powell has much higher aspirations than becoming a state legislator: He wants to be President. "Marvin's goal is not an idle dream," says John Powers, the author of "Marvin Powell in 2004." which starts on page 45. Powers covered sports for eight years for the Boston Globe before switching from Schaefer Stadium to Beacon Hill, where he writes about politics for the Sunday Globe.

"Marvin actually is taking steps to set up his political future," Powers says. "He's going to law school, he reads all the time, and he's worked in two Presidential campaigns. He reminds me a lot of Bill Bradley [former New York Knicks basketball player who now is a senator from New Jersey] in that he has a semi-master plan. Marvin recognizes that there will be barriers, but he doesn't think there will be any that he can't overcome."

Lowery overcame eight barriers (the number of teams that cut him) to become a placekicker in the NFL. In the

past three offseasons, he also has worked on Capitol Hill, where he was photographed for "PRO! People," which begins on page 103. The photograph of Lowery with one of his former employers, Rep. Richard Bolling (D. Missouri), was taken by Nate Fine, who earlier had photographed both Bolling and Lowery in different situations. In 1937, Fine photographed the first Redskins game ever and has been an employee of the club ever since (Washington was one of the teams that cut Lowery). Fine also is a member of the White House News Photographers Association. He has photographed every President since Franklin Roosevelt as well as other politicians, including Bolling, when he first came to Congress in 1949.





John McDonough

Nate Fine

John McDonough of the Los Angeles Times photographed Tampa Bay defensive lineman and marine biologist Dave Stalls feeding sharks at Sea World in San Diego. The photos appear in "PRO! Careers," beginning on page 108. "It was a weird experience looking into the tank and knowing that if I slipped I'd be a quick lunch," McDonough says. "The walkway was very narrow, and I was concerned about setting up my strobes. If one had fallen in, there would have been about fourteen fried sharks. They were quite menacing looking. Any time I was near the edge looking in, it was obvious they knew it was close to feeding time. They started drooling. They didn't leap, they chomped."

Stalls studies shark behavior. Beau Riffenburgh, the author of the "Beginnings" feature (page 25) on the 1972 USC team that had 30 players drafted by the NFL, has studied buman behavior. Riffenburgh, who is an intern for NFL Creative Services, has a master's degree in clinical psychology from Cal State-Fullerton. One of several papers he's had published was entitled "Effects of Staff Density on Maladaptive Behavior in an Institutionalized Profoundly Retarded Population.'



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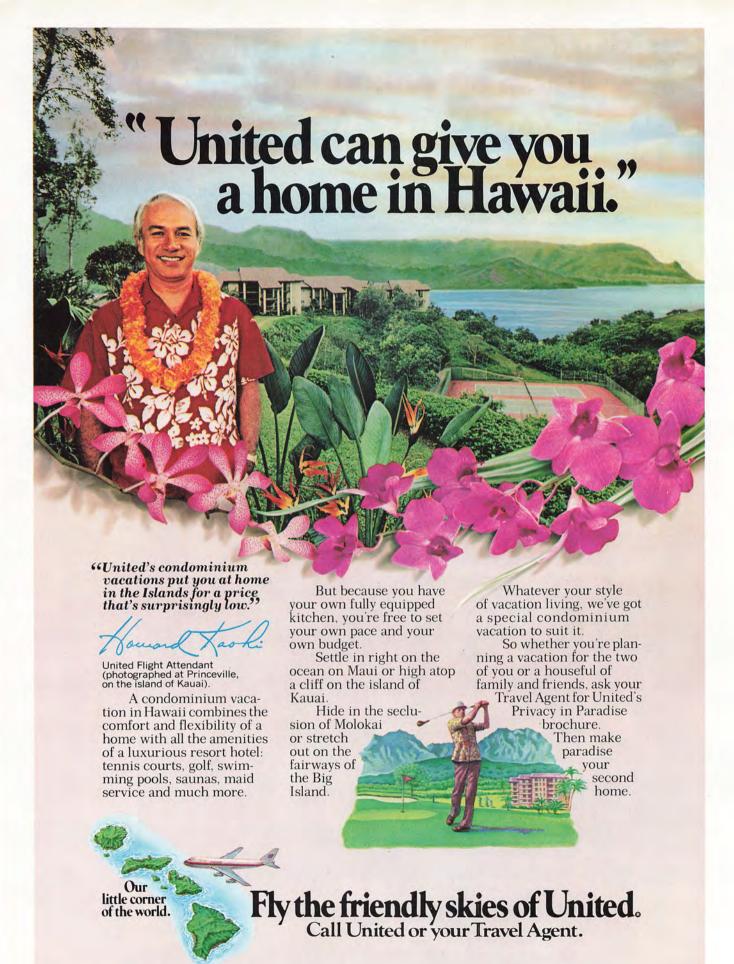
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# FROM THE COMMISSIONER

Officials Are People, Too

By Pete Rozelle

IT OCCURS TO ME THAT FOR SOME time now I probably have short-changed a group of men whom I admire very much—the NFL officials.

Over the years, I've often been asked: Whom does the Commissioner of the NFL represent? My reply always has been: the club presidents, the players, and the fans.

Let me set the record straight. This Commissioner *also* represents the men in the striped shirts. These days, many of us, including myself, often refer to our officials as "zebras," but, to my way of thinking, they are the thoroughbreds of their profession.

In the context of athletics, the dictionary offers this definition of official: one who administers the rules of a game.

That same dictionary defines Commissioner this way: the administrative head of a professional sport.

Well, then, if I'm the administrative head of the NFL, charged by the 28 club presidents to execute the constitution and by-laws and the official rules of professional football, and the officials are charged with administering the rules of the game, it follows that the officials are an extension of the Commissioner.

Who are the officials? How are they selected? What are their full-time professions? How do they prepare for a game? How much do they get paid?

I will try to answer those questions and offer some additional insight into the job of an NFL official.

There are 105 NFL game officials, consisting of 15 referees, and a like number of umpires, head linesmen, line judges, back judges, side judges, and field judges. The officials work in seven-man crews (thus we have 15 crews). With the NFL's weekly 14-game schedule, one crew is off each weekend.

During the first two weeks of the preseason, officials are interchanged. Starting with the third preseason game, however, the men are assigned to a regular crew. That seven-man team works as a unit the remainder of the preseason and the 16-week regular season.

But let's get back to the beginning—the selection of the official. The NFL



Officiating Department has a supervisor, Art McNally, who is assisted by Jack Reader, Nick Skorich, Stu Kirkpatrick, and, in season, Mike Lisetski. McNally, Reader, and Skorich are responsible for scouting and hiring officials for the NFL.

An applicant must have 10 years' experience in officiating, with at least five years on a college varsity or minor professional level. He must be in excellent physical condition and belong to an accredited football officials' association. Approximately 110 applicants are scouted each season. On an average, six new officials are hired each year.

Generally, those who apply are professional men. Officiating, then, is not a vocation but an avocation. Over the years, we have had among our officials lawyers, high school principals, insurance executives, sales and management representatives, college professors, law enforcement officers, podiatrists, commercial bankers, and professional motivation speakers. We also have landscape architects, construction engineers...even a baseball operations director.

These men are tested and interviewed before they are hired. Annual clinics are conducted by McNally and his staff. New men must attend the clinics for five days, veterans for three days. The clinic includes review of the NFL Rule Book, film study, practice of field mechanics, and more tests.

In season, weekly written tests are given to the officials. At each game, the crews are graded by the home and visiting coaches, by an on-the-scene NFL observer who reports to McNally, and later through intensive play-by-play study of the game film at the NFL offices in New York.

The Officiating Department reviews every game film each week. Every Friday during the season, a copy of each crew's previous game film and a critique of its work is sent to the city where that crew is working the following weekend. The crew, under the supervision of the referee, reviews that film on Saturday evening and discusses all aspects of the critique, not only for the purpose of correcting errors of the previous week but to certify the correctness of the calls that were made in that game. Sometimes they do make mistakes, but the reviews show NFL officials are right better than 95 percent of the time.

At the end of the regular season, officials are graded by position. Those with the highest marks are assigned to work the playoffs and the Super Bowl.

Officials are paid on a seniority basis, except for preseason (when each receives \$300 per game) and postseason (first-round playoffs, divisional playoffs, and Conference championship games, \$2,000 each; Super Bowl \$3,000 each; and Pro Bowl \$1,000 each). During the regular season, the scale is: one-to-two-year men \$325 a game; three-to-four-year men \$400, five-to-six-year men \$500; seven-to-eight-year men \$600; nine-to-ten-year men \$700, and eleven years or more \$800. They also receive all travel expenses and a weekend per diem allowance.

Just as each of the 28 NFL teams makes a concentrated study of its performance each week, the NFL Officiating Department studies the work of its officials each week. But though success of a team is flashed in headlines across the top of a newspaper or run at the top of a television or radio news show, it is the feeling around NFL headquarters that the highest praise a crew of officials can receive is no publicity at all.

I am not trying to tell you that we have perfection in the NFL, but we certainly seek it.

A comparison of projections from manufacturers' treadwear ratings under the new government Uniform Tire Quality Grading System indicates that on a government-specified course:

# Uniroyal Steeler projected to last 15,000 more miles than comparable Goodyear or Goodrich tires.

Clip and take this to your Uniroyal dealer

The U.S. Department of Transportation recently gave the public a standard yardstick to compare tires by.

Now, each tire company is required by law to grade its tires in three areas. Traction. Temperature resistance. And treadwear.

And then to emboss the resulting grades on the side of the tires.

When compared, most of the similarly priced steel-belted radials in the chart fared equally well in the traction test. Same for temperature resistance.

But one tire pulls ahead of the pack when it comes to the important grade that indicates the relative wear rate of your tire.

That tire: the Uniroval Steeler.

In fact, when you translate its 220 rating into projected miles on the government-specified course, you see it was no photo finish.

On that course, the mileage projection for the Uniroyal Steeler is 66,000 miles.

That's 15,000 miles longer than the Goodyear, Goodrich, General and most Firestone ratings in the chart would project.

And 24,000 miles longer than Michelin's rating would project.

These mileage projections (including those in the chart) should be used for comparison only. You will probably not achieve these results. Actual treadlife will vary substantially due to your driving habits, condition of vehicle and, in many sections

UNIROYAL

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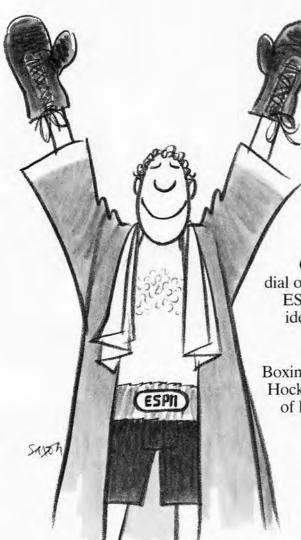
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FIRESTONE 721 (13" & 14" sizes)	B/C	170*	51,000
GENERAL Dual Steel II	B/C	170	51,000
B. F. GOODRICH Life Saver XLM	В/С	170	51,000
MICHELIN XWW	A/B	140	42,000

\*Most 15" Firestone 721 tires rated 200 which projects to 60,000 miles. Source: U.S. D.O.T., 12/19/80.

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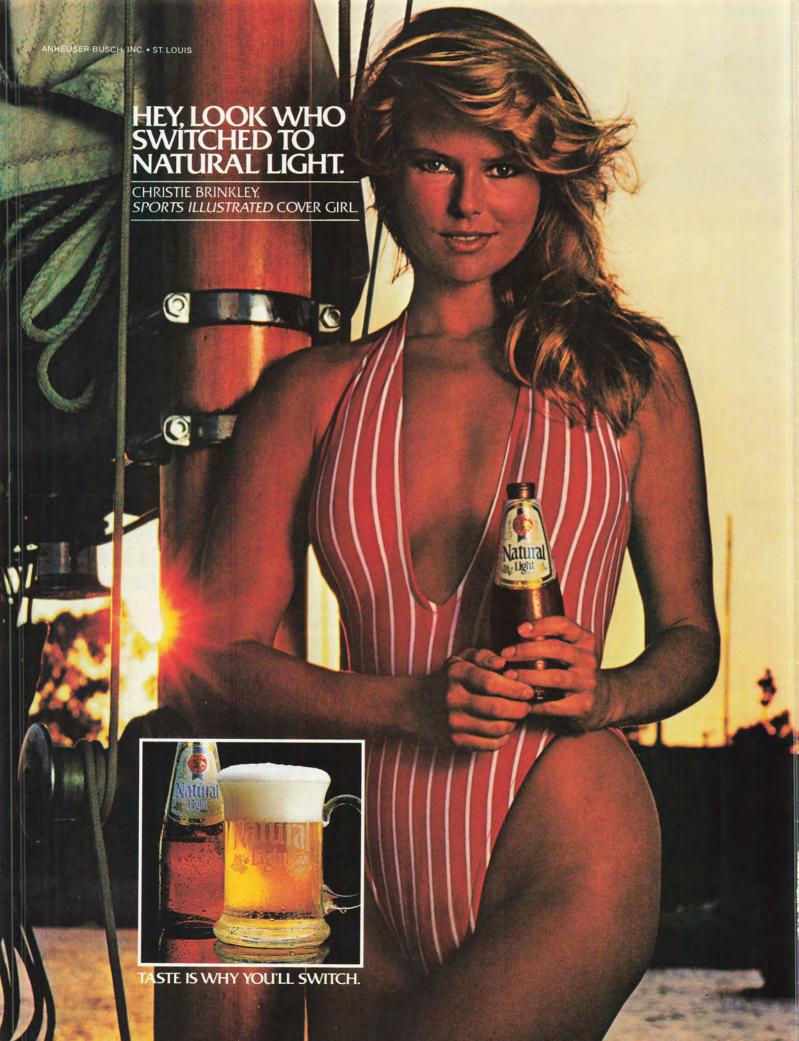
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# Another Opening, Another Show...

By Leigh Montville

DON SHULA STANDS IN FRONT OF A 1981 Ford LTD. Chuck Noll stands in front of a 1981 Chevrolet Caprice. The Orange Bowl is filled. A whistle blows. The men begin to stare their familiar sideline stares.

The tires on Shula's LTD begin to melt immediately, the rubber running onto the green grass in black pools. The car settles with a thud as all four tires soon disappear. Noll concentrates first on the accessories of the Caprice. The radio antenna is stared in half. The rear-view mirrors are vaporized. He moves to the chrome and the front bumper becomes red hot and begins to melt. Shula stares off the back fenders. Noll stares the windows from their frames. Shula....

BONG!

Earl Campbell begins to run into buildings. He starts easy. He obliterates a laundromat, a corner variety store, a weight loss clinic. The golden arches on a McDonald's franchise go flying. He drops a kung-fu parlor with only a straight arm, then runs full tilt into a Congregational church. The bells still are ringing as the steeple lands.

He begins to hit the big stuff now. Head down, he knocks over the Washington Monument. A shoulder to one of the supports sends the Golden Gate Bridge into a back-and-forth sway and an ultimate crash. He pummels the Statue of Liberty. The World Trade Towers loom in the distance.

BOOM!

Howard Cosell begins to talk. No, Howard Cosell *continues* to talk. He finds new ways to say "hello" in seven syllables. He delivers anecdotes about having breakfast with every name that has appeared within the pages of the *New York Times* in the past decade. Numbers. He talks numbers.

He knows the telephone number for every person in the United States of America. Home and office. He knows every zip code in the world. He knows how much wood a woodchuck chucks if a woodchuck could chuck wood. He knows the top 40, both 45 and 331/3. He knows the Gross National Product. He knows the mileage from Green Bay,



Wisconsin, to immortality. He knows.... BONG!

Dan Fouts throws. He throws a copper penny into the heart of midnight and John Jefferson reaches into the air and plucks it off...spikes it, heads up. Fouts throws a barking dog, perfect spiral, across a field of hay. Charlie Joiner catches the dog and sets it down neatly. Without a scratch. Fouts throws a steel safe into the bumper-to-bumper confusion of the San Diego Freeway at rush hour. Kellen Winslow catches the safe, flips through the combination on the run, and removes the valuables.

Fouts throws a germ. Jefferson catches the cold. Fouts throws a pair of dice across a velvet table. Joiner catches them on the fly, four and three...a perfect seven. Fouts throws....

BONG!

Mean Joe Greene begins to walk a corridor. A kid stops him, gives him a Coke. He gives the kid his shirt. Another kid then gives him another Coke. He gives the kid his helmet.

A Boy Scout troop, followed by a youth choir, followed by a graduating class from a Pittsburgh reform school come running. Each kid has a six-pack of Coke in his hands. Greene begins to undress. He gives away his shoulder pads, his shoes, his pants, his....

BONG

The projector begins to whirr. Dick Vermeil watches movies. He begins with "Super Bowl XV: Oakland 27, Philadelphia 10." Not liking that one too much, he then watches an industrial film on how clocks are made in Switzerland. He puts on his special glasses for the 3-D classic *House of Wax*. He then watches all movies made by Robert Redford because people always have said he looks like Robert Redford and he would like to see who Robert Redford is.

He watches an Abbott and Costello film festival. He watches Ronald Reagan's portrayal of George Gipp. Preparation is everything. He watches *Football Follies*. He watches *The Philadelphia Story*. He watches *Where Eagles Dare*. He watches....

BONG!

Lester Hayes absent-mindedly touches a partridge. The partridge sticks to his hand. Since the bird was in a pear tree, the pear tree also sticks to Hayes's hand. That's a partridge in a pear tree.

Hayes then absent-mindedly steps on two turtle doves. The doves stick to his shoes. Then three French hens somehow land together on his helmet and stick. Four calling birds touch his shoulders and are stuck. Five gold rings are thrown at him and stick to his thigh pads. He is still moving, though clumsily, as he heads toward the maids a' milking and the lords a' leaping, who have materialized in front of him....

BONG!

The Dallas Cowboys cheerleaders begin to bow. The people in the stands at Texas Stadium begin to stare. The Dallas Cowboy cheerleaders bow a bit deeper. There is confusion now in the stands as everyone tries to stand to see more. The bows continue. The people in the back rows lose their balance and begin to fall.

The Dallas Cowboys cheerleaders, bows completed, stand at attention. The entire crowd at Texas Stadium has fallen and landed on the field at the perfect row of white vinyl feet of the cheerleaders. The Dallas Cowboys Cheerleaders begin to dance....

BONG!

The first things John Hannah has to block are the cowboy hat of Bum Phillips and the trusty stingy brim of Tom Landry. Hannah blocks them perfectly. Both coaches say, "Thank you." The next

### Observations

thing John Hannah has to block is the sun. He stands for that, and, big as he is, blocks out the sun entirely. A total eclipse.

He blocks doubt from his mind. He then blocks out a plan for his insurance future. He blocks the door, any door, arranging his body into a configuration that would not allow a breeze on an Indian summer night to slip past. A 747, out of control on take-off, rolls directly toward him. He hits it with a forearm shiver, stops it dead, and keeps the passengers from harm. He next blocks....

BONG!

Ray Guy stands at one side of a mountain and first kicks a snowball into the air. It rolls down the other side and becomes an avalanche. He kicks an antique watch into a conductor's vest pocket on a moving train a half mile away. He kicks a pot of gold from one end of a rainbow to the other.

Strange men run at him, yell bad words directly into his face, and still he kicks a circus balloon into a cloud, a note attached to the string asking the finder to send confirmation on how far the balloon has traveled. He kicks a habit. He kicks....

BONG!

Violent confrontations break out in the usually drab and logical minds of 28 computers. Beefy and gnarled hands insert different sets of malicious statistics. Fat X's begin to bludgeon skinnier O's. Faster O's begin to run away from the slower X's.

More familiar with cost analyses, statistical evaluations, the price of soybeans or gold, the computers now resemble their second cousins who play Space Invaders for 24 hours of every working day. Lights blink. The sounds of mayhem emit from the transistors and circuits. Every now and then the machine declares a winner with the printout, "VERY GOOD, GIVE HIGH FIVE, RETURN TO BENCH." The noises resume....

BONG!

Pete Rozelle begins to rule. He dispatches his platoons of gray-suited lawyers on paratroop missions to stamp out brushfire uprisings. He sends guerrilla publicists into The Land of the Great Cliche, an unforgiving jungle, armed only with typewriters and stacks of 8 x 10 glossies. He sends the Hawthorne, New Jersey, Caballeros and the Grambling University marching band on entertainment tours to improve troop morale.

He hangs a phone on one ear, another phone on the other ear, and asks a secretary to take a letter. He reviews his accountants in close-order drill, then sits behind a pitcher of water in a legislative hearing room and officiates in the grand ceremonies of his office. The motor on the limo keeps running....

BONG!

The trainers begin to tape anything that moves, especially the knees of the needy. The officials begin to whistle while they work. The winners begin to win. The losers begin to fumble, stumble, and lose.

A noisy jazz background is heard behind all slo-mo, instant-replay movements. A babble of expertise descends from the heavens. The mascots begin to wag their polyester tails....

BONG!

The bell rings. The season begins.

Again.

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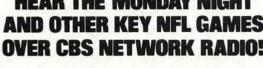
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(def)	JEFF MERROW	DE	□ 3.	(def)	RUBIN CARTER	NT	□3
	DON SMITH	NT	□ 4.		RULON JONES	DE	□3
	BALTIMORE C	OLTS			DETROIT LI	ONS	
(off)	WADE GRIFFIN	T	_ 🗆 5.	(off)	KEITH DORNEY	1	□ 3
	ROBERT PRATT	G	_ □ 6.		AMOS FOWLER	G	□ 3
(def)	MIKE BARNES	DT	7.	(def)	AL BAKER	DE	□3
	MIKE OZDOWSKI	DE	_ □ 8.		DOUG ENGLISH	DT	□ 3
	BUFFALO BI	LLS			GREEN BAY PA		
(off)		T	_ 🗆 9.	(off)	LEOTIS HARRIS	G	□ 3
	REGGIE MCKENZIE	G	_ 🗆 10.		LARRY MCCARREN	C	□ 3
(def)	FRED SMERLAS	NT	_ D 11.	(def)		DE	□4
	BEN WILLIAMS	DE	_ 🗆 12.	_	EZRA JOHNSON	DE	. 🗆 4
	CHICAGO BE	ARS			HOUSTON OF	LERS	
(off)	NOAH JACKSON	G	□ 13	(off)	LEON GRAY	T	□4
-	DENNIS LICK	T	□ 14	-	BOB YOUNG	G	□4
(def)		DE	□ 15.	(def)	JESSE BAKER	DE	□4
	ALAN PAGE	DT	□ 16.	-	ELVIN BETHEA	DE	□4
	CINCINNATI BE	NGAL	s		KANSAS CITY		
(off)	ANTHONY MUNOZ	T	□ 17.	(off)	TOM CONDON	G	0 4
	MIKE WILSON	T	□ 18.		JACK RUDNAY	C	□ 4
(def)		DE	□ 19	(def)	MIKE BELL	DE	. □ 4
	EDDIE EDWARDS	DE	_ □ 20.		ART STILL	DE	□ 4
	CLEVELAND BE	ROWN	s		LOS ANGELES	RAMS	
(off)	JOE DELAMIELLEURE	G	□ 21	(off)	DENNIS HARRAH	G	<b>D</b> 5
	TOM DELEONE	C	□ 22.	-	KENT HILL	G	□ 5
	DOUG DIEKEN	T	□ 23.		RICH SAUL	C	□ 5
(def)	LYLE ALZADO	DE	□ 24	(def)	LARRY BROOKS	DT	□ 5
	HENRY BRADLEY	NT	_ □ 25.		JACK YOUNGBLOOD	DE	. 🗆 5
	DALLAS COW	BOYS			MIAMI DOLP		
(off)	PAT DONOVAN	T	_ □ 26.	(off)	BOB KUECHENBERG	G	D 5
-	UCODEDT COOTT	0	C 07		ED NEWMAN	C	CTE

	MINNESOTA V	IKINGS
(off)		G 🗆 59
	DENNIS SWILLEY	C □ 60
(def)	DOUG MARTIN	DT 🗆 61.
	JAMES WHITE	DT 🗆 62
	<b>NEW ENGLAND</b>	PATRIOTS
(off)	JOHN HANNAH	
	SHELBY JORDAN	T □ 64.
(def)	JULIUS ADAMS	
	TONY MCGEE	DE 🗆 66.
	NEW ORLEANS	
(off)	STAN BROCK	I D 67.
_	JOHN HILL	C □ 68
(def)	ELOIS GROOMS	DE   69.
	DERLAND MOORE	DT 🗆 70.
	NEW YORK	
(011)		
	J.T. TURNER	G 🗆 72.
(def)	GARY JETER	DE 🗆 73.
	GEORGE MARTIN	UE 1 /4
	NEW YORK	
(011)	JOE FIELDS	C 🗆 75
	MARVIN POWELL	T 🗆 76.
(def)	MARK GASTINEAU	
200	JOE KLECKO	DE 🗆 78.
	OAKLAND RA	
(off)	ART SHELL	
	GENE UPSHAW	G □ 80.
(def)	DAVE BROWNING	
	JOHN MATUSZAK	DE 🗆 82.
	PHILADELPHIA	EAGLES
(off)	JERRY SISEMORE	T □ 83
	STAN WALTERS CARL HAIRSTON	T D 84
(def)	CARL HAIRSTON	DE 🗆 85.
	CHARLIE JOHNSON	
	PITTSBURGH S	TEELERS
(off)	LARRY BROWN	T 🗆 87.
	MIKE WEBSTER	C 🗆 88
(def)	JOE GREENE	DT 🗆 89
-	L.C. GREENWOOD	DE 🗆 90

ST. LOUIS CARE	DINALS
(off) DAN DIERDORF	T □ 91
TERRY STIEVE	G 🗆 92
(def) RUSH BROWN	DT 🗆 93
BOB POLLARD	DE [] 94
SAN DIEGO CHA	
(off) ED WHITE	G 🗆 95.
DOUG WILKERSON	G □ 96.
(def) FRED DEAN	DE 🗆 97.
GARY JOHNSON	DT 🗆 98.
LOUIE KELCHER	DT 🗆 99.
SAN FRANCISC	O 49ers
(off) RANDY CROSS	G 🗆 100
FRED QUILLAN	C □ 101.
(def) ARCHIE REESE	NT 🗆 102
JIM STUCKEY	DE 🗆 103.
SEATTLE SEAF	IAWKS
(off) BOB NEWTON	G 🖂 104
JOHN YARNO	C   105
(def) JACOB GREEN	DE   106
MANU TUIASOSOPO	DT 107
TAMPA BAY BUCC	
(off) DAVE REAVIS	T □ 108
GREG ROBERTS	G 🗆 109
(def) LEE ROY SELMON	DE 110.
WASHINGTON RE	EDEKINE
(off) BOB KUZIEL	C   111.
GEORGE STARKE	
(def) DAVE BUTZ	DT 112
KARL LORCH	
NAME LUNCH	DE 🗆 114.
WRITE-IN	S

As a help in making your selection, the preceding list is a nominating committee consensus of the most likely candidates during the 1981 season. However, if you have other favorites, feel free to use the write-in section at the bottom.

Place a check mark next to the one Offensive Lineman and the one Defensive Lineman you are voting for and mail your ballot to be postmarked on or before December 1, 1981 to:

NFL Linemen of the Year P.O. Box 6266 Chicago, IL 60677

Vote only on an official ballot. Only one Offensive and one Defensive vote per ballot.



# The Rating Game

# Talking a Good Game

# By Jack Hand

SOME INTERVIEWS ARE EASY, ASK A question and turn on the tape recorder, grab a pen and let the man talk. It can flow with the ease of Howard Cosell's description of breakfast with you-know-who yesterday morning. Or it can be tough, a series of searching questions punctuated by "no comments" and "I don't remembers."

Here are 10 of the memorable pro football interviews I have had while covering the sports beat since the middle 1930s.

Art Rooney belongs on the top of the list. Everything you've read about this self-effacing Irishman is true. He always has time to drop the business at hand, as though his interviewer were the most important person on earth, and talk about the good old bad days of earlier years or the good old good days of the 1970s and 1980s. Art has stories about people such as Whizzer White, Bill Dudley, Bobby Layne, and Bert Bell...to name a few.

When the Steelers won their first division championship in 1973 (after Rooney had waited patiently since 1933) and were getting ready to play the Vikings in Super Bowl IX, I was the AFC Director of Information. I wanted to set up a press session for Rooney with the writers, his favorite people. Rooney hesitated because he wanted to leave all the glory to coach Chuck Noll and the players. Finally, the Steelers' director of public relations, Ed Kiely, convinced Rooney to stop in to "say hello to the boys" in the press room. Once on the scene, Rooney was there for more than two hours. Some writers even forgot to show up for Noll's press conference on another floor in the same hotel.

Fran Tarkenton also rates high. A personable, intelligent southern gentleman, Fran has the ability to communicate with people from a lecture platform (at a motivational speech for industry, for example) or one-on-one in the locker room. I'll always remember setting up a photographic session with Tarkenton when he was with the Giants. Practice was over, and Tarkenton had showered and dressed. Too many athletes would have said, "Sorry, see you later." With-



out a moment's hesitation, Fran changed back to his work clothes for a picture story at Yankee Stadium.

Many people tell horror stories about the rages of Norm Van Brocklin. I guess I was lucky. The Dutchman never grabbed my tie or threatened to punch my nose. Granted, when his club (the Rams, Eagles, Vikings, and Falcons) lost, he was one unhappy fellow. That was the time to stay away. Otherwise, I found him an engaging personality, always quick with a clever "throwaway line" or an impromptu nickname. Whatever he said was interesting, often controversial.

It is difficult to catch the carefree give and take of a locker room any more. Players are more guarded in their comments to reporters. It was not like that in the days of Max McGee. Max had the ability to recall the special anecdote that gave a reporter a closeup inside view. One of his more memorable tales was told after a tough practice session when Vince Lombardi coached the Packers. Lombardi, irked at the club's play the previous week, picked up a football and with a sarcastic tone said, "Look. This is a football." In Max's words, "I said 'Slow it down a little, coach. You're going too fast!

The mere mention of Bum Phillips calls forth the good of boy image of a sturdy Texan in a cowboy hat and snakeskin boots handing out some down-home wisdom. It's true. He really is like that, although he has sharpened the act so that it plays in The Big Apple as well as Orange, Texas. When the happy day

comes and Bum's team makes the Super Bowl, the nation's media will have a field day. Having Bum for breakfast every day for a week will be on a par with the second coming of Will Rogers.

Weeb Ewbank still pops up now and then from his Ohio home, where he is spending his retirement years. It always is a pleasure to talk football with the only man who won championships in both the NFL (Baltimore in 1958 and 1959) and the AFL (New York lets in 1968). Weeb is the easy-going type, never pushing down front (how could you when Joe Namath was your quarterback?). Ewbank always had the sensible, truthful answer to a writer's problems, blended with a good sense of narrative. Best of all, Weeb never took himself too seriously. He could recall the good and the bad, and still laugh.

One of the great interview subjects, now retired, was Jim Marshall, the Vikings' great defensive end. Marshall didn't have to talk about his record 266 consecutive games. He could tell tales of sky diving, adventures in the northern woods, and even give you insights into the business of selling wigs. The only thing he tired of discussing was his 66-yard wrong-way run for a safety in a 1964 game with San Francisco.

Don Shula, the Miami head coach, has a tough guy image on the field, with his jutting jaw and his proud posture. In the locker room he can be among the most helpful...if the questions make sense. If a serious football writer really wants to know the answers, Shula is his man.

Pittsburgh wide receiver Lynn Swann is another man who is easy to approach and always is adept at telling reporters his story. Long after the other victorious Steelers had left the interview area following Super Bowl XIV with the Rams, Swann was still telling and retelling his role in the game for latecomers.

Joe Theismann hasn't made the Super Bowl yet, but he is one of the best interviews in the NFL. The Washington quarterback has a wide range of interests—pro football, television, and the restaurant business—and he tells his stories well.

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# A Hot Time

IT IS YOUR STANDARD small town.

The divided highway says goodbye at the off ramp in front of the Holiday Inn and you bump across the railroad tracks on Front Street, then go over the bridge and past the three downtown streets.

The residential streets are old, which means they also are wide, quiet, and made of brick, although marred here and there by blacktop resurfacing. There's elm and oak, old enough and tall enough to form a shady cathedral nave over the old, red bricks.

You go south, a block past the Presbyterian church, left to the bookstore, then right at the fork and up the hill.

The hill road winds up and around with the box elder growing almost out to the curbings. You come out of the last curve abruptly, onto the top, surprised at the sudden absence of trees and shade; however, trees and shade come in second when a hilltop gets bulldozed to build a college campus.

It is July, and just past one in the afternoon and the streets are deserted because the first summer session is over. It's also deserted because afternoon practice is still two hours off.

At the east end of the campus, past the library and the administration building and the fieldhouse, the twin-towered dorm shimmers in the heat. Fire doors are propped open in violation of codes and in search of a breeze. Windows are open on the three floors where the players live and an occasional curtain—institutional green—flaps half-heartedly.

On the uppermost of the player floors, a rookie running back lies on his bunk and attempts to look comfortable, which he isn't. He is wearing red shorts, a Grossinger's T-shirt, blue tennis shoes, and a forced smile. The latter is attributable to the verbal brickbats being left at his doorsill by every passerby.

A national television crew is filming the rookie for a segment to run in a preseason telecast. They've laid enough ca-



ble so that the floor of his room looks as if it's covered with spaghetti. The lights have raised the temperature 10 degrees. The director, out from New York, is wearing a new safari jacket, jeans with clever stitching at the pockets, desert boots, and a beard.

"Hey, Eddie...tell 'em about that fiveflat forty you run yestiddy monin'!"

The forced grin stretches as he hollers at his antagonist: "But it was rainin'!"

"Rained on ole Murphy, too, 'n he done four-seven!"

The director mops his brow and the back of his neck with a new red farmer handkerchief.

"Just relax, guy...won't be a minute, here." The director turns to a member of the crew and rages in a controlled whisper: "Let's get the damned thing running? Can you do that?"

The camera purrs agreeably and lights are refocused to correct for movement.

"We're rolling. Now, the first question will be, are you still disappointed that you weren't a number one draft choice?"

There is a loud cackle in the hallway and the rookie shakes his head.

"Aw...hey, do you know what's goin' on here? I mean, I'm tryin' to make this football team! Man, the draft was a long time ago...and this is now! I'm hangin' by my fingernails, 'n you come on with worrying about where I got drafted!"

The director's beard is the color of

dirty straw. The grin parts it.

"Not what we were going for, but I like it...you like it Ralphie?"

Ralphie is the size of somebody's kid brother, but identifiable as corporate because of his sweat-dampened cord suit, dusty Guccis, and wirerimmed glasses. Ralphie stabs his Cross pen through a script line on a blue flimsy and nods:

"I like it."

They wrap it up just before two o'clock and the rookie walks down three flights, out through the fire door and

into an ambush of 11-year-olds brandishing ballpoints and autograph books. He keeps walking as he signs, the key to survival.

By three o'clock it's leveled off at 90 and the sun is an unblinking adversary. Three guys faint during practice and the rookie survives a similar fate only by biting his lip until it bleeds.

After 90 minutes of practice he gets extra grass drills—a hideous blend of running in place, flopping onto belly or back, then back on your feet. He gets extra grass drills a couple times a week because he had a big reputation in college and doesn't mind standing up to veterans. He swallows bile during grass drills to keep from throwing up.

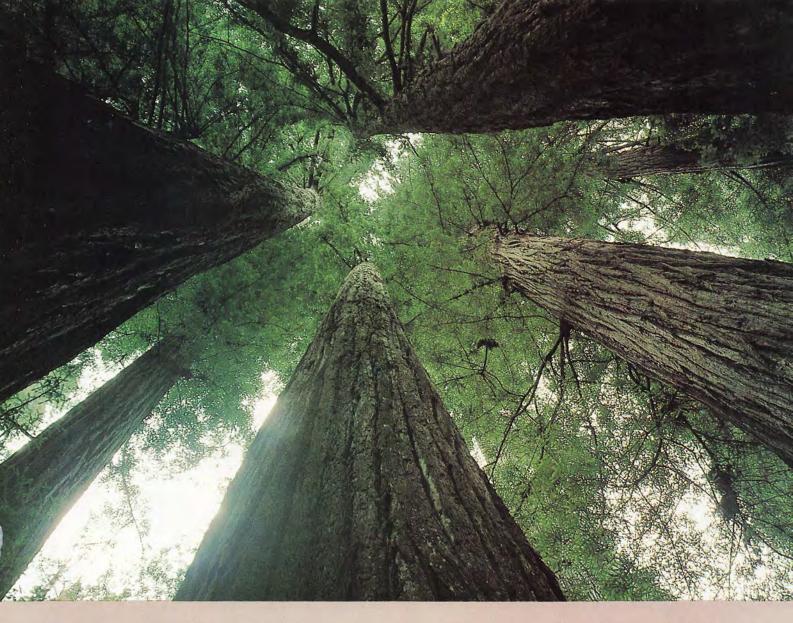
After practice he wades back into the autograph guerrillas, sings his school song three times at evening meal, and fights the drowsies during meeting.

He goes down the hill with two other rookies after meetings for a pitcher of beer at Bruiser's. Back at the dorm, he has 20 minutes before lights out.

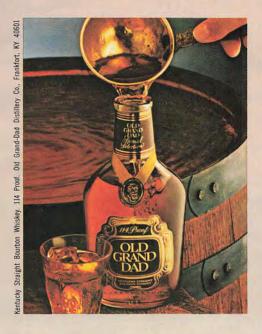
His handwriting is tight and disciplined, child-like, on the ruled tablet. He is not a letter writer, but his mother is alone now, living over the restaurant in the Bronx, and he knows she worries:

"Dear Ma:

"Things are okay here, but pretty different from college. It's hard, here. "It's hot, like home, during the day, but there's a breeze at night...."



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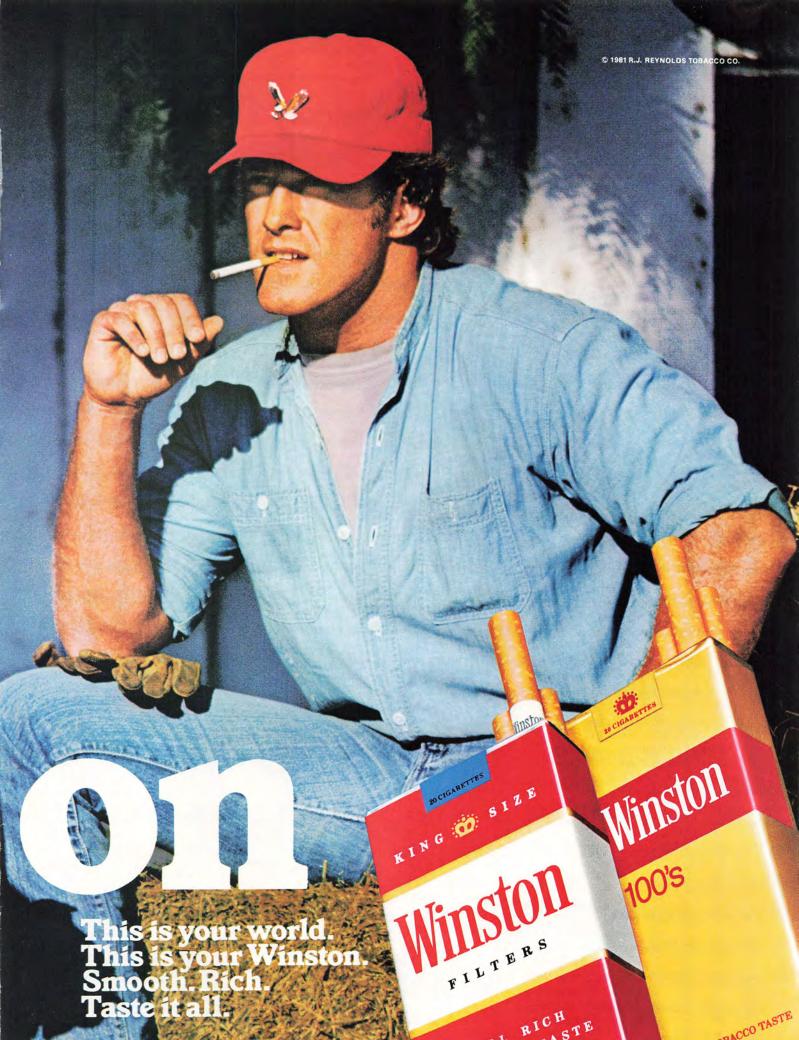
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# Ourselves as Others See Us, Part 2,743

# First This.

As with any popular entertainment, American football has taken its share of hard shots over the years. One of the earlier broadsides appeared in small print on the cover of *The Illustrated London News* in 1910.

Commenting on a game played at London's Crystal Palace, between crews of the American warships U.S.S. Idaho and U.S.S. Vermont, the magazine captioned its cover illustration, "American football is nothing if not strenuous; and, for that reason, the players find it advisable to be heavily protected with 'armor,' lest serious injuries be done to them.... It is further interesting to note, perhaps, that only the other day an American football player was brought up, after a game in which a player was killed, on a technical charge of murder. He was



exonerated and acquitted, but that it should be possible even for such a charge to be made shows how rough-and-tumble a game American football can be."

# ...and Now This!

Seventy-one years later, in the June 7, 1981 edition of *Sovietskii Sport*, similar sentiments were voiced in an article titled "Super Bowl in the Superdome."

"For millions of Americans," the story began, "the earth stops spinning at the moment when the final game between the two strongest teams of the professional National Football League begins. This meeting attracts the attention of the entire country."

That's truth in advertising so far. But wait....

"Any football player can commit an act of cruelty.

Once only a handful of linemen, who really excelled, could do this in front of 60,000 people without being detected....

"It is impossible not to admire the courage of the players. They give themselves to the game. But it is impossible not to shudder at their cruelty..."

1910...1981. Tune in again in 2057. Someone's sure to be saying something nasty then.

# Venting Vindication by Means of a Punitive Projectile

The first step is to admit that you always have wanted to do it. The second step is to work on your throwing technique. The third step is to buy a plane ticket for Ottawa, where by purchasing the winning ticket in a \$1 lottery, you can win the opportunity to hurl a real brick through a television screen showing Howard Cosell's image.

A night club called The Jester is offering the lottery to provide an outlet for its Monday night customers' frustrations. The owner is prepared for the season, having laid in a supply of 16 television sets, all in working order. And the first lucky winner is....

# **66** Quote...

New Orleans head coach **Bum Phillips**, advising Saints number-one draft choice **George Rogers** how to dress on their fishing trip: "You've got to be properly attired. Wear a three-piece suit. You know what that is, don't you? That's overalls with two straps."

Cleveland Browns owner **Art Modell**, commenting on one NFL personality's chances of gaining immortality: "The only way he'll ever get his name in the Hall of Fame is to change it to 'Exit.'"

...Unquote 🥦

# **Patron Saints**

Remember the "Aints," that facetiously conceived group of New Orleans Saints critics who paraded their disgust during the Saints' 1-15 season of 1980? Their emblem was a paper sack with two eyeholes, suitable for draping over one's head to ensure anonymity. Mustn't let anyone



in the Superdome know we're actually attending, their reasoning went.

In late July of this year, a woman named Eva Benoit put together a rally to mobilize support for a counter-Aints group, the Known Fan Club.

Her "bag burning" had the support of a local FM radio station, which brought a van equipped with a sound system, and a brewing company, which provided free beer. The event drew a crowd of close to 1,000.

"We wanted to burn the bags so that the fans would no longer be unknown, but a visually and audibly active support group," Ms. Benoit said. "The Saints are going to win, and we want to support them."

## a.k.a.

For those who yearn for the sort of hard-hitting sports literature that begins with language such as "The day of the big game dawned bright and clear," try this excerpt from the summer, 1980 edition of a magazine called *Dave Campbell's Texas Football*:

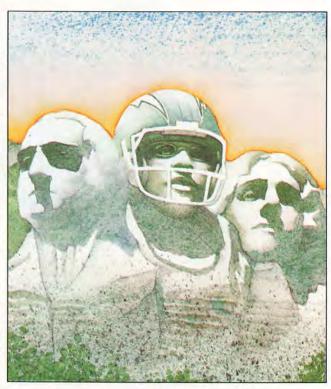
"In the last regular season game [of 1971], heavily favored Dallas Roosevelt was playing North Dallas. An uninspired Roosevelt team was losing 32-0 at halftime.

"'I really got on our players in the dressing room,' recalls Roosevelt's coach, Robert Thomas. 'We were out of the race, but I told them we were playing for pride, that the underclassmen should do well to help the seniors get scholarships.'

"A lanky, gifted sophomore wide receiver named John Washington...listened intently to his coach's halftime lecture

"'In the second half, John caught five touchdown passes and we beat them 34-32,' Thomas says."

Thus, this man, on this day, in this game, began building a reputation that would build on itself in epic fashion until one day the world of professional football would know... that this man, today a splendid wide receiver with the San Diego Chargers, changed his name from Washington to Jefferson early in his college career at Arizona State.



# Modern Software

As the leaves turn color and the sun hangs lower in its ever-westward arc, the question on the mind of every self-respecting football fan is, of course, "Who invented the Nerf Ball?"

In the interest of filling this egregious gap in the collective trivia consciousness of fans everywhere,



PRO! reports that Fred Cox invented the Nerf Ball. Fred Cox also used to kick field goals and extra points for the Minnesota Vikings and between the years 1963–1973 set an NFL career record for scoring in the most consecutive games (151).

A chiropractor and a pilot as well as an inventor and holder of the patent on the Nerf Ball, Cox also is the answer to the NFL trivia question, "Which former Minnesota placekicker is doing very well these days?"



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# BEGINNINGS

# **Some Enchanted Season**

Were the 1972 USC Trojans the Greatest College Team of All Time? by Beau Riffenburgh

AN UNDEFEATED, UNTIED SEASON is an athlete's dream. But, like most dreams, it's one that rarely comes true. In 1972 something strange was in the air, however, something that affected teams from coast to coast.

The Miami Dolphins had a 17-0 record, the first NFL team to make it through the regular season, playoffs, and Super Bowl with a perfect record.

Whatever it was that enchanted the Dolphins seemed to be equally active on the West Coast.

There, particularly in the Los Angeles area, teams suddenly became almost invincible.

The Los Angeles Lakers finished with the NBA's best regular season record ever, 69-13, and won the championship.

In college basketball, UCLA defeated 30 consecutive opponents by an NCAA-record average of 30.3 points per game, and won its sixth consecutive NCAA title.

And in college football, the University of Southern California had not only the best team in the nation when it won the national championship with a 12-0 record, it had what may have been the best collegiate team in history.

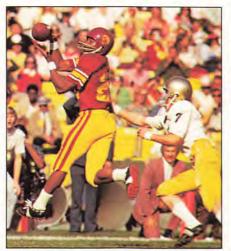
"The '72 USC team was a great team," says John McKay, the Trojans' head coach at the time and now coach of the Tampa Bay Buccaneers. "Some people have called it the best-balanced, best allaround college football team there's ever been...and I'm inclined to agree. It's the best I've ever seen."

But USC didn't establish itself among the best in collegiate history on record alone.

Using the success of its players in the National Football League as a barometer, the 1972 USC team truly may be at the head of the class. NFL teams drafted 30 players from that team, and 26 of them played at least one year in the league. Even McKay went to the NFL in 1976, where in four years he built the Buccaneers from the team with the poorest record in NFL history to one that played in the NFC championship game.

In 1972, USC was a team without an apparent weakness. It averaged 39 points and 430 yards a game, ranking in the top





John McKay (top) on the sidelines at the 1973 Rose Bowl. Lynn Swann grabs a pass against Notre Dame.

seven in the nation in scoring, total offense, total defense, rushing defense, and scoring defense. The Trojans never trailed in the second half of a game, beat their opponents by an average of 28 points, and didn't permit a run longer than 29 yards. At the end of the season, USC became the first team in history to receive the number one vote of every participant in both the Associated Press and the United Press International football polls.

"We didn't have a single particular weakness," McKay says. "It was one of those fortunate things. We had a near perfect blend of experience and youth, and the seniors that season were great leaders. It was an intelligent team, making the fewest mental errors of any squad I've ever had.

"Our defense was the quickest I've ever watched, college or pro. John Grant, our All-America tackle, was a genius at figuring out offenses. Grant could come out of the game after a few plays and explain exactly what the other team was trying to do.

"We had at least a dozen linebackers who were all excellent. Richard Wood, just a sophomore, could run the forty in 4.5—he caught everybody from behind."

John Robinson, an assistant under Mc-Kay and now USC head coach, agrees with his former boss's assessment. "No other team I've ever seen in college had as much individual talent," he says. "And they were coachable. The number one lesson an athlete needs to address himself to is reaching his own potential. Virtually all of those players reached their potential. But their real strength was team play. Everyone focused first on the team goal—to win every game—rather than on individual accomplishments."

With the team success went individual recognition. Five Trojans made the All-America team in 1972—offensive tackle Pete Adams, fullback Sam Cunningham, defensive tackle Grant, linebacker Wood, and tight end Charles Young, a unanimous choice. There also were seven future All-Americas on the team, including Wood, USC's first three-time All-

### Beginnings

America. In 1973, four Trojans besides Wood were selected as All-Americas—offensive tackles Booker Brown and Steve Riley, defensive back Artimus Parker, and flanker Lynn Swann. In 1974, tailback Anthony Davis and defensive back Charles Phillips joined Wood as All-Americas.

"We had a great mix of personalities, both offense and defense, tremendous special teams, and the good fortune of not having many injuries," McKay says.

"We had a super quarterback combination in Mike Rae [a senior] and Pat Haden [sophomore backup]. Rae had as good a season as any quarterback could have. He completed fifty-seven percent of his passes, ran well, and made a lot of big third-down plays. He kicked field goals and points after, too.

"Haden was tremendous for team morale. He always was ready to play when asked and he never complained when he didn't play."

With hindsight, the Trojans' success seems somewhat inevitable. But, before the 1972 season started, some people had doubts about their ability. With much of the same talent the previous two years, McKay's traditional powerhouses had slumped to successive 6-4-1 records. Fifteen lettermen were missing from the 1971 team, including six defensive starters, the top tailback, and quarterback Jimmy Jones, the school's all-time total offense and passing leader.

"We weren't certain before the season began how good we'd be," says Oakland Raiders defensive tackle Jeff Winans, a starter for the Trojans in 1972. "The year before, we had had better potential, but we hadn't played well as a team. Those seniors had been more interested in looking good for the pros than in winning. I hoped the '72 team would have the mental toughness required to win after being so relaxed the year before."

The coaching staff shared Winans's concern, and did something about it.

"That season started in spring practice of 1972," says Marv Goux, then as now the defensive line coach of the Trojans. "We took our players to the Coliseum and scrimmaged three times a week, and they kicked the hell out of each other. We put the best against the best, and they became a very intimidating bunch, even among themselves.

"Once Anthony Davis fumbled on the five-yard line during one of the scrimmages. The offensive line just jumped all over him, and so did the defense.



Richard Wood now plays at Tampa Bay. Everyone wanted everyone to do well."

By the start of the season, McKay felt confident.

"Before the season started," McKay says, "the offensive line came together. The line had been a weakness the year before, but it became a real strength. Charle Young was as good a tight end as there was in football, college or pro.

"We also had gone back more to our tailback-oriented offense than in the previous two seasons. Anthony Davis was a fantastic sophomore tailback, better maybe as a sophomore than he was as a junior and senior. Swann, our flanker, and Young could catch anything. I wasn't worried."

The season started in Little Rock against the University of Arkansas, one of the preseason favorites to win the national collegiate championship.

"We set the tempo early in the game," says Goux. "Jeff Winans broke into the backfield and made a tremendous hit on [Arkansas quarterback] Joe Ferguson. We intercepted the pass and had them intimidated and on the run."

Only good things seemed to happen to the Trojans. When Mike Rae was blindsided while passing, the ball came down in the hands of Steve Riley.

"I took off and ran as fast as I could for about six or seven seconds," says Riley, a tackle for the Minnesota Vikings. The result of Riley's run was a sevenyard gain.

USC defeated Arkansas 31-10 and swept through its next three opponents.

USC's fifth opponent was Stanford, the two-time defending Rose Bowl and Pac-8 champion.

"They're the worst damn winners I've

come up against," McKay said before the game. "I'd like to beat them by two thousand points."

The Trojans didn't get that margin of victory despite ending the game throwing bombs, but they did emerge with a satisfying 30-21 victory that would be the closest margin of the season.

"We only beat Stanford by nine points, but it wasn't what I call a close game," McKay says. "That might have been the most remarkable thing about the 1972 team. It didn't just beat the other teams, it blew them out.

"I played as many reserves as I had, and cleared the bench in several games, but I was still accused of pouring it on. It was impossible to keep the score down...we were so deep."

USC never trailed the rest of the season. Ranked number one and bearing a 9-0 record, the Trojans clinched a spot in the Rose Bowl by halting UCLA's record-setting ground attack .24-7. Against the Bruins, Anthony Davis, starting only his second game, received national attention not only for his rushing exploits but for his end zone knee dance.

And against Notre Dame, Davis gave Trojans fans something much more than a dance to remember. He scored six touchdowns, including two on kick-off returns of 96 and 97 yards, and USC won 45-23.

The Rose Bowl proved to be just another stroll for the Trojans, who beat the third-ranked Ohio State Buckeyes 42-17 behind a Rose Bowl record four touchdowns by Sam (Bam) Cunningham.

"There is no doubt about it," said Ohio State coach Woody Hayes after the game. "They are the best college football team I've ever seen."

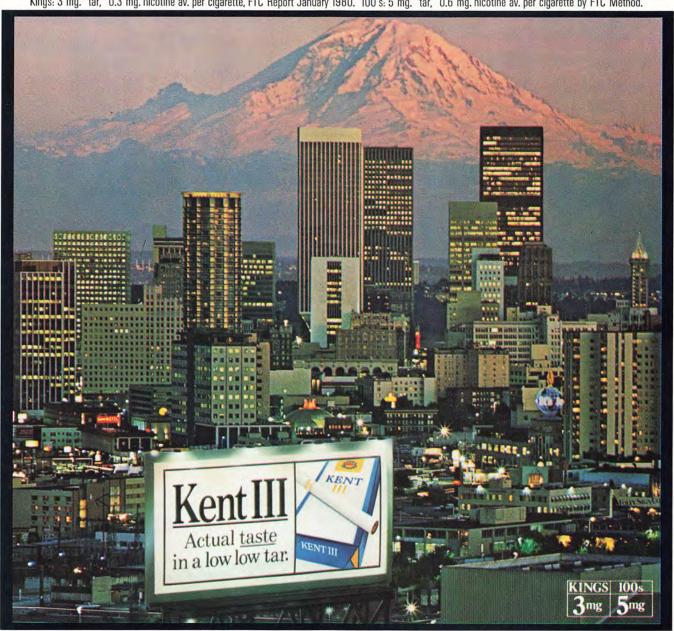
The pro scouts were impressed, too. A month later, 10 seniors were drafted by NFL teams: Adams, Cunningham, tackle Allan Gallaher, split end Edesel Garrison, Grant, defensive tackle Karl Lorch, Rae, guard Mike Ryan, Winans, and Young.

The next year nine more who had been juniors in 1972 went into the prossinebacker Charles Anthony, Brown, middle guard Monte Doris, tailback Rod McNeill, fullback Manfred Moore, Parker, Riley, defensive end James Sims, and Swann.

After the Trojans won another national championship in 1974, 10 seniors who had been USC sophomores in 1972 were drafted: tailback Allen Carter, defender

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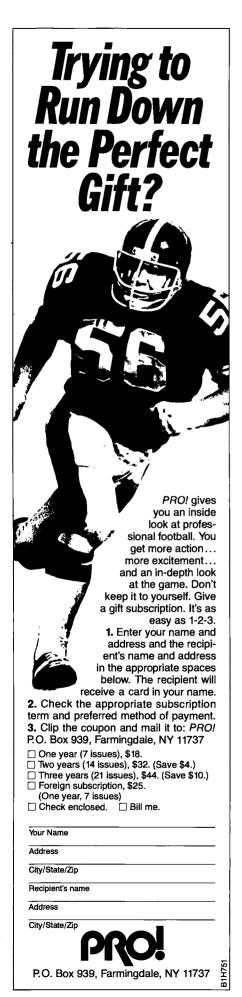


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### **Beginnings**

sive back Marvin Cobb, Davis, Haden, tackle Steve Knutson, center Bob McCaffrey, split end J.K. McKay (the coach's son), defensive end Dale Mitchell, Phillips, and Wood.

The last of the team reached the pros the following year when defensive back Danny Reece, the only freshman to play much in 1972, was drafted by Cincinnati.

Fourteen of the 30 USC draft choices played at least five years in the NFL, led by two all-pros, Young and Swann. Another 12 made NFL rosters for at least a year.

The first Trojan taken was the most immediately successful, tight end Young. The sixth player chosen in the 1973 draft, Young made the all-pro team his rookie year when he caught 55 passes for the Eagles. The next year his 63 receptions led the NFC and he was a second-team all-pro. He was an all-pro in his third year, 1975. Young was traded to the Rams in 1977 and to the 49ers three years later.

Wide receiver Swann was a junior on the 1972 team, a consensus All-America a year later, and the first-round draft of the Steelers. A three-time all-pro and the most valuable player in Super Bowl X, Swann has been one of the premier receivers in the game the last seven years.

"Everyone knew Swann would be a great pro," says Robinson. "Besides his talent, he was the ultimate competitor. Only Sam Cunningham played with as much drive and enthusiasm."

Cunningham continued playing in the NFL for the Patriots, who made him their first draft choice in 1973. For seven years, until he sat out the 1980 season, he started for New England, reaching his peak in 1977 when he gained 1,015 yards.

Adams was another first-round choice. The All-America tackle played several injury-plagued seasons for the Browns before he was forced to retire with a back injury.

Riley also has suffered several injuries, but has been the most successful of the 1972 team's linemen in the NFL. A first-round draft choice and a starter since his second year, he has been a solid tackle for the Vikings, although he has been overshadowed by all-pro teammate Ron Yary, an earlier All-America at USC.

None of the former Trojans has been surprised by the success of their USC teammates in the NFL.

"We were better prepared than most

rookies," Winans says. "The practices, coaching, schedules, and other players all were so tough at USC that the transition to the pros was a continuous thing. We weren't lost in our fundamentals at all like a lot of young players."

"There wasn't much changeover from USC to the NFL," Riley agrees.

Haden also expected success from his teammates. "Playing on that team was like prepping for the NFL," he says. "I played a year in the World Football League, but the athletes were significantly better at USC."

Several other members of the team still are playing regularly. Cobb spent the 1980 season with the Vikings after five years with the Bengals. Wood and Reece play for McKay's Buccaneers.

Tampa Bay also was a stopover for a number of other 1972 Trojans. Brown, Sims, J.K. McKay, and running backs Davis, McNeill, and Moore all played again for their college coach.

"Manny Moore was a coach's player," McKay says about Cunningham's former backup, whom few expected to make the NFL. "He always got one hundred and twenty percent from what the Good Lord gave him. There always will be a place in football for that kind of player."

Davis was a surprise, too, but not a pleasant one.

"Anthony Davis was a good, solid player," Robinson says. "He was one of the best college tailbacks, but he wasn't an outstanding pro. The problem with A.D. was he came out of college with a superstar reputation, but he wasn't a superstar."

But if Davis didn't live up to his billing in the pros, he was the 1972 USC team's exception. Carter, Gallaher, Knutson, McCaffrey, Mitchell, Parker, and Phillips all joined their former teammates in the pros for an average of three years each. And although they didn't play, Davis, Doris, Garrison, and Ryan were drafted.

Sixty-five percent of the team's 46 lettermen went on to make it in the NFL. With a statistic like that, an NFL observer could understand and agree with John Robinson's assessment of the team.

"Each player on that team was talented when we got them," Robinson says. "They were helped more by being with people gifted, determined, and coachable. Some people will disagree, but I remember it and I'm sure others associated with that team will remember it, too—not just as the best of that year, but as the greatest of all college teams."



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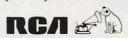
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# PRACTICE MAKES SPECIAL TEAMS SPECIAL

By John Madden with Steve Cassady

EVERY TEAM IN the NFL competes along roughly the

same lines. Every one has access to similar scouting information, and every one participates in the same draft. All teams adhere to the same rules of play, and they conduct the same length of training camp (there is a maximum but no minimum). They play the same number of preseason home and away games on approximately the same quality of field.

With such equal opportunities, the difference between winning and losing often is marginal. It's not always the result of some secret system, not the result of hiring this coach or signing that draft choice or this free agent. It's more often attention to little things—details such as those associated with special teams.

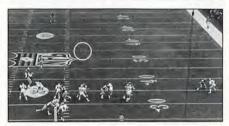
I remember the days when teams practiced all week, emphasizing only offense and defense. Then, on the day before the game, when everybody was running off the practice field, the coach would look at his watch and say, "Wait a minute. Come back, we've got to practice our special teams." There was no thought devoted to the kicking situations then, no practice time, and, in effect, no coaching.

As recently as the late 1960s, professional teams still were using their offenses on fourth down punt coverages, and their defenses on punt returns. For the most part, they were keeping the same 11 men on the field all four downs. Not surprisingly, examples abounded of teams playing well offensively and defensively, only to lose games on blocked punts, and field goals, missed extra points, or long runbacks.

Nowadays, it's much more intricate. Most teams draft with special teams in mind. They trim their rosters with special teams in mind. An obvious example would be selecting a wide receiver for his ability to also return punts. A less obvious example would be drafting a line-backer who is adept at open-field blocking. He could play in the front line of the kickoff return unit. With the new rules prohibiting blocking below the waist, the positions in that four-man front are







Oakland punter Ray Guy kicks with consistently long hang time, so in Super Bowl XV, the Eagles try to obstruct the Raiders' coverage at the line of scrimmage to gain more time to field the punt.

real specialties, which aren't always easy to fill. They require people who are big and tough, but also fast and agile.

Teams are devoting considerably more time to special teams strategy these days. I helped broadcast a lot of the Philadephia Eagles' games last year, and one thing that impressed me was the Eagles' attention to special teams. Just as for offense and defense, they have daily meetings for special teams, daily practice periods, separate scouting reports, and computer breakdowns.

In punting situations, special teams en-

sure field position, first by kicking the opposition into a hole without permitting a blocked punt, second by covering the punt without allowing a runback. It can work the other way. The offense can struggle like hell to reach its own 40, only to have the return unit come in and block the punt. It all goes hand in hand—offense, defense, and special teams helping each other, all equally important in winning and losing.

Consequently, planning for special teams can be as detailed as for offense and defense. It starts with a thorough scouting report. Take, for example, the information collected just for preparing the punt return unit.

First comes field conditions. Assuming the upcoming game is scheduled for the opponent's home stadium, the scout charts the direction the wind blows. One way is to notice which end the home team chooses to defend if it loses the toss. Usually, it wants to start the game or the second half with the wind at its back.

Then he determines how far the punter kicks on the average. Then placement: If the ball is spotted on the left hashmark, does the kicker usually punt to the left? Aim it back toward the middle? Kick it across to the right? The scout would make the same notations for the right hash and the middle.

Next is hang time—how long the ball stays in the air after it leaves the kicker's foot. Then personnel. Punt coverage

comes in waves. The first is the two end men, the ones who release with the snap and head in a vee toward the return man. The second is the front men, the center, two guards, two tackles, each sprinting upfield in lanes. The third is the two upbacks, who fan out and take the lanes between the front men and the end men, one up the right, the other up the left. And the fourth is the punter and fullback—the punter covering the left as one safety, the fullback the right as the other.

Who are each of these players by name and number? Which of them reaches the coverage area fastest? By what routes? Who makes most of the tackles?

Field position comes next. Some punters kick a certain way from their own end zone. They want it up and away quickly; in that situation, they don't worry about angling it one way or another. Inside the 50, they may do it differently, taking the time to kick it toward a corner, usually the same corner as the hashmark from which they're kicking.

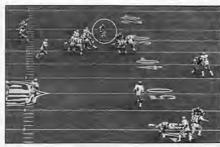
Now, with all this information, it's possible to plan return strategies for the upcoming game. The first consideration against any punt is whether you want a return or a block. It's like defending against the pass. Either you cover it tight by dropping more people into the secondary, or you blitz by sending in extra rushers.

Say it's a return. You first position the safety at a depth equal to the kicker's average. If a stiff wind blows against you, you back up the safety another three or four yards; if it is with you, you move him up three or four.

There are a number of punt return combinations. The basic one is a sixman front. The two outside men usually rush the kicker. At Oakland, we sometimes got the block when we were concentrating on a return. The reason? We had Lester Hayes and Ted Hendricks on the flanks. They are fast and rangy, good attributes for end men on the punt rush. They also knew how to pursue. You see, all punters line up 15 yards behind scrimmage, but no two hit the ball at exactly the same spot. You might face a two-step punter one week, a three-step the next. One might be a long-strider, the other a short-strider.

To figure it, we'd chart the precise point each kicker hit the ball, and that's the point at which we'd have our end men aim. It sounds obvious, but distinctions such as this often are lost. Little









Philadelphia's punt return strategy works as planned in the Super Bowl. The Eagles' blocking wall opens a bole for safety John Sciarra, who makes a return of 12 yards against Oakland.

things such as rushing at the proper angle often are the difference between a block and no block, maybe even between winning and losing.

In setting up the return, the most important priority is fielding the ball. The two early coverage men must be detained, and the safety must catch the punt above all—it's the element that guarantees possession. Any yardage beyond the reception is a bonus provided by the blockers in the return scheme.

Basically, the four interior linemen try to hold up the coverage team's guards and tackles. Behind them, two linebackers divide the duties; one attempts to block the center, while the other blocks on the side of the return. The two half-backs behind them are responsible for the end men. The safety tries to find open spaces in the direction designated in the huddle. Either it is a return right, to the left, or the middle.

Within the basic scheme, teams vary their approach, depending upon personnel. Maybe they want to double team a particularly effective end man and run away from the other. Maybe they want to switch the blocking assignment to find better matchups, the way you'd shift coverages in the defensive backfield. The idea is to find the combinations that prevent the coverage from mobilizing too quickly.

Most teams also factor in anticipated hang time. If a punter kicks with consistently long hang time, they might want to obstruct the coverage at the line of scrimmage, giving the safety a fraction more time before he is swarmed under. If he kicks with a lower hang time, they might want to immediately form a blocking wall for a more aggressive return.

Another consideration is eligible receivers. They all would have to be accounted for in the event of a fake punt, and by people with pass defending skills.

At Oakland, we'd spend considerable time anticipating trick plays off punt formation. We would splice all available footage on the opponent's kicking game, and we would chart all the normal formations and alignments.

The fullback in punt formation often is an indicator, for instance. He is the punter's personal protector. He normally lines up on the side of the kicking foot, at a point he can most effectively take on the rush. He is pretty much committed to a predictable spot, so if he lines up differently—up or back, or on the other side of the punter—it usually signals a trick.

We'd mark other deviations as well, substitutions, upbacks cheating over, and so on.

All phases of special teams—kickoffs, kickoff coverage, punt coverage, punt returns, field goal, field goal block, extra point, and extra point block—follow this general pattern of planning. It's not like it was years ago, when the punter coming on meant it was time for television to take a station break and for the fans to head for the beer. Now, special teams are too important to be deemphasized or ignored.



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### **Almost Perfect**

Y.A. Tittle Did Everything Except Win a Title in 17 Pro Seasons

By C. W. Nevius

THERE WERE TIMES ON THE FOOTball field when Y.A. Tittle's mind was clicking faster than his teammates could move. When he had it rolling, they couldn't set up quickly enough.

In 1952, a rookie named Hugh McElhenny was trying to get the hang of playing flanker for the San Francisco 49ers. When he didn't reach his position quickly enough, Tittle jumped all over him. McElhenny suggested what Tittle could do with his football, and was surprised to see the quarterback respond by calling time out and throwing "The King" out of the game.

But off the field, Tittle's deliberate manner could be maddening. He and McElhenny became fast friends—once it was established who ran the huddle—and the two families used to take vacations together.

Tittle, McElhenny says, always was late everywhere they went.

"Y.A. was so precise," McElhenny says, "that he couldn't help going back to make sure everything was exactly right. That was why he was always late."

That says something about the professional career of Yelberton Abraham Tittle. He reached any number of perfectly acceptable endings, but he kept going back once more to try to get it exactly right.

When he retired in January of 1965, he owned nearly every NFL passing record—and he shares with George Blanda the all-time record for touchdown passes in a season (36). But the reporter who covered the retirement for the San Francisco Chronicle couldn't help pointing out that "it was the third successive year that Yat had made such a statement." He'd been severely battered the year before, but there seemed to be a chance that he'd come back to get it exactly right—to win the championship that eluded him after three divisional titles with the Giants.

"Nope," Tittle said. "I mean it this time...I guess."

Tittle spent 15 years in the NFL and 17 in professional football, starting out with Baltimore in the All-America Football Conference in 1948. Why the All-



This time things didn't go exactly right.

America Football Conference? "I hate to tell you because it makes me sound pretty stupid," Tittle says today, "but I didn't realize that there were two separate drafts. Detroit [of the NFL] drafted me, too, but I didn't know it. I could have used the two teams against each other. As it was I signed for \$10,000 and a \$2,000 bonus—and considered it a good deal."

But the All-America Football Conference proved to be a shakier financial proposition, and, when it went under, Baltimore shifted to the NFL in 1950. When Baltimore folded, Tittle went into the draft and was chosen by the San Francisco 49ers in 1951. At the time, it couldn't have been a better choice.

After leaving Louisiana State, Tittle's first coach at Baltimore had been Cecil Isbell. Isbell was a believer in the pass—"My God, I didn't know you could pass that much and win," Tittle said when he reached the NFL—and he fit perfectly into the 49ers' plans, although it didn't seem that way at first.

San Francisco had Frankie Albert at quarterback, and Tittle spent most of his first year on the bench, watching and making mental notes.

"I just marveled at the things Albert could do without much of an arm," Tittle said. "He threw slants. Three steps and boom! And then he'd run that bootleg. He learned what he could do and he

did them. That's what I tried to do find the things that worked and then remember them."

Tittle took over for Albert full-time in 1953, but it was not until 1957, when Albert was the head coach, that the 49ers hit their stride. A good part of the reason was a mistake in practice that turned into a 49ers trademark.

Preparing for a game with the Rams, Tittle's arm was bumped as he threw and the ball wobbled toward a crowd of players. One of them, a former basketball player from Idaho named R.C. Owens, jumped over everyone else and made the catch.

The play looked so good that Albert and Tittle added it to the game plan, and Owens responded with two touchdown catches against the Rams, the last coming with 1:40 left to play to win the game 23-20. The "Alley Oop" was born.

But in San Francisco they remember 1957 for what Owens still calls "the most memorable loss in 49ers history," the 31-27 defeat by Detroit in a playoff for the Western Conference title. It was bitter because the 49ers had a 24-7 first half lead but let the Lions come back.

The year 1957 was memorable for Tittle for two other reasons. He was offensive player of the year, and John Brodie was drafted by the 49ers. Looking back, Tittle says 1957 was the high point in San Francisco, although he played another four years there. Wracked with injuries and pressed by Brodie, they were not the most pleasant years of his career. The fans were as cool as the foggy breeze in Kezar Stadium.

"Tittle wasn't that much beloved by the 49ers fans then," says Simmons. "But they have never loved their quarterbacks anyhow. They were yelling for Brodie until they got him, and then they were yelling for [Steve] Spurrier."

Even so, it was a shock to the fans to hear that Red Hickey, who took over as head coach in 1959, felt that Tittle had no place in the 49ers' Shotgun offense. Hickey was a shouter, and more than one player, including McElhenny, did not find the new coach to his liking. Tittle's teammates got an idea of what Hick-

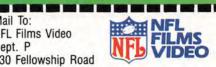


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#### Nostalgia

ey had in mind during a preseason game in 1961.

"We were playing the Giants," Owens says, "and we couldn't understand why they were being so nice to Y.A. They kept helping him up and telling him to take care of himself. They already knew that Y.A. had been traded to them. We didn't find out until the next day of practice."

Many of the 49ers, Owens included, had been convinced by Tittle to go back to college to finish their college degrees in the offseason. They were devastated by the trade.

"I can remember him driving away from the field in his Thunderbird," Owens says. "We were all in full practice gear and there were lumps in a lot of throats.'

Actually, with Brodie and rookie Billy Kilmer at quarterback, Hickey's move made sense. At 34, Tittle wasn't getting any younger. He even looked older. His hair had been thinning ever since he came into the league, and by 1961 he had been "The Bald Eagle" or "Colonel Slick" for years.

The Giants, however, made the trade a memorable one by selling Hickey on an up-and-coming offensive lineman named Lou Cordileone.

"Who?" Tittle asked when Hickey told him he'd been traded for Cordileone. That still was the question in San Francisco a vear later when Cordileone was released.

Tittle's first reaction was to retire. He had pulled a groin muscle severely in the 1960 season, and in 1961 it still was bothering him. Until the trade he'd been strapping the leg down with tape, sneaking into the bathroom to do it, and flushing the toilet to cover the sound of tearing the tape.

But, after a conversation with some of the Giants, Tittle reported for the season despite the bad leg, and told coach Allie Sherman he was ready to play.

'I played in an exhibition game against the Rams as soon as I got there," Tittle says. "On the first play the center hit me in the mouth with the ball. I fell on it, and Jack Pardee fell on me. I cracked two bones in my back."

It seemed like a disaster, but the injury gave Tittle time to recover from his groin pull, too. When he returned, he was a sensation.

"He turned that whole club around," says McElhenny, who had been let go by the 49ers and was picked up by Minnesota in the Vikings' expansion draft.

Tittle set an NFL record in 1962, throwing 33 touchdown passes, and led the Giants to an Eastern Division championship. He was named offensive player of the year and easily could have been elected mayor of New York. When he led the Giants to division titles for three straight years, he earned a permanent place in the hearts of New Yorkers.

Among all his receivers, Tittle says, Billy Wilson of the 49ers was the most skilled. Wilson recalls going to a movie with Tittle when the two were coaching with the 49ers. Two hours later, Wilson said, they came out of the theater to a crowd of 200, waiting for autographs.

Another time, when they were walking through the stands to reach the spotters' box, Wilson says, "I heard this big roar and thought the team had come out. They were cheering Y.A."

Even after two successful seasons in New York. Tittle had one more score to settle. He is, his friends remind you, an incredibly intense competitor.

"I waited three years to play the 49ers," Tittle says. "I got it in my mind that I wanted to play well, but I wanted to complete the first pass I threw that day. I wanted to make it perfect.

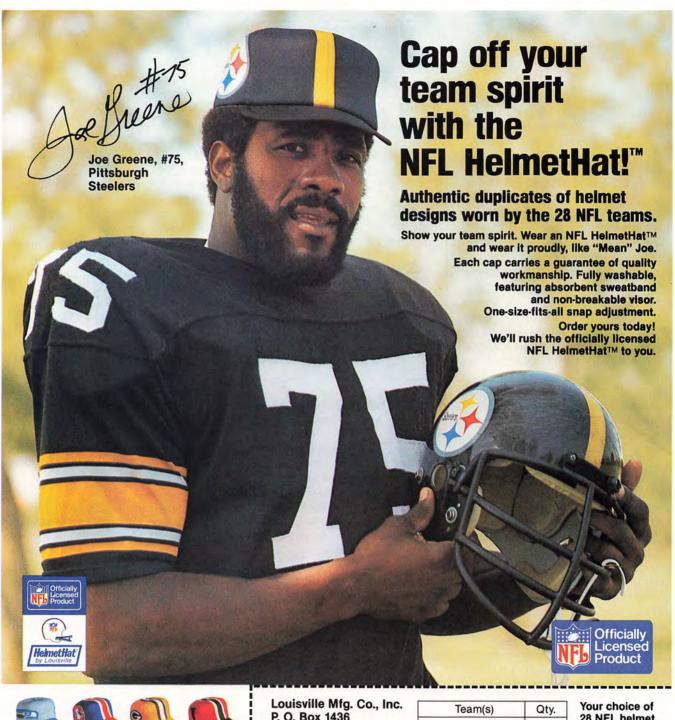
"I set up the bootleg the first quarter-went almost the whole quarter without throwing a pass. And then, when I was sure, I called the bootleg. Well, Del Shofner was so far open I could have walked the ball over to him. There wasn't a man within thirty yards.

"But I just couldn't turn that ball loose. I'll bet I didn't throw that ball five feet-right into the ground in front of me."

Tittle retired in 1965. He joined his old friend McElhenny in the Hall of Fame in 1971. Tittle's financial condition has risen to similar heights. In 1975, his independent insurance company was purchased by Rollins, Burdick, Hunter of Northern California. Y.A. was named an executive vice president of the larger firm.

"My life in football was the best, and I enjoyed it until the very last day," he says. "And when I quit there wasn't anyone in the game I didn't like-and that includes Red Hickey. But I was competitive, and I wanted to do well against San Francisco more than any other team."

You get the impression that, given the chance, he'd come back just to throw that pass to Shofner. One more chance to get it exactly right.





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## A Football League With Parody

By "Commissioner" Jim Donaldson

EDITOR'S NOTE: Most NFL fans can identify the AFL or WFL, but the WSPFL could be anything from a vanity license plate to a handful of Scrabble letters.

The Writers' Semi-Professional Football League completed its inaugural season last year successfully, and, for the most part, anonymously. The "owners" of the 12 league franchises are writers who regularly cover the New England Patriots. They follow the progress of the WSPFL as enthusiastically as the NFL, and, in some cases, even more enthusiastically.

Much of the success of the fledgling league can be attributed to Commissioner Jim Donaldson, who takes time out from writing weekly WSPFL news releases to write a column for the *Providence Journal-Bulletin*.

HOUSTON—National Football League Commissioner Pete Rozelle sat at one end of the Astrodome press lounge, his tan face creased with worry.

At the other end of the room, smiling broadly, sat Jim Donaldson, the Commissioner of the Writers' Semi-Professional Football League.

While Rozelle nervously tried to explain to reporters how his league would cope with the challenge of the WSPFL, Donaldson was patiently trying to explain to Jayne Kennedy why he would be unable to accept her invitation to appear with her in an upcoming *Playboy*.

"You bet I'm concerned about the WSPFL," Rozelle admitted. "The WSPFL is the biggest threat we've faced since the formation of the AFL.

"It's an exciting, high-scoring league, and its popularity is growing nationally, week by week. We may have achieved parity in the NFL, but the WSPFL has parody, too.

"They have a dynamic, brilliant young commissioner who is my equal or better in every respect except his tan and his salary. And what really scares me is that the WSPFL simply doesn't want to merge with the NFL, they want to put us out of business."

-WSPFL news release, week of November 9, 1980



Is it true, Commissioner Donaldson? Is it true you want to put the NFL out of business?

"No, no. Pete was just overreacting. Hell, you'd think I was threatening to move a franchise to Los Angeles. No, putting the NFL out of business is the last thing we want to do. The NFL's business is, after all, our business."

Just what is the business of the WSPFL?

"Funny business, of course, That, and making money for the Commissioner."

And how do you do that?

"By virtue of my superior football knowledge."

Could you be a little more specific, please?

"There are twelve franchises in the WSPFL, and each owner has fourteen NFL players on his roster—four running backs, four wide receivers, two quarterbacks, two kickers, and two tight ends. Each week, the owner 'activates' seven players—two running backs, and two wide receivers, a quarterback, a tight end, and a kicker. The owner whose players score the most points that weekend wins."

How are points scored?

"Well, you can score some with candy, some with flowers, some by whispering sweet nothings..."

No, Commissioner, in the WSPFL.

"In the WSPFL, running backs and kickers get full credit for whatever points they score and double points for any touchdown or field goal of fifty yards or more. Points scored by quarterbacks and receivers are divided. That is, if Steve Grogan throws a touchdown pass to Stanley Morgan, the owner who has Grogan gets three points and the owner who has Morgan gets three—unless, of course, the scoring pass covers fifty yards or more, in which case both the quarterback and the receiver are given credit for six points apiece."

How did all this get started?

"The idea was first suggested by Tom [Media Moose] Hoffman, the media relations director for the Patriots. He had heard about a similar league while on a preseason trip to Seattle. We picked up on the idea and improved upon it.

"The first thing, of course, was having strong leadership at the top. Once we had undergone an extensive search for a charismatic commissioner, the rest was easy."

What came next?

"We had our first annual draft. It took us only ninety minutes to draft 168 players, proving what we had long suspected—the media can recognize talent much faster than the general managers and personnel directors in the NFL. After that, we were off and running like Earl Campbell."

Was Earl Campbell the first player drafted?

"No, actually it was one of his teammates, Toni Fritsch. Seven of the WSPFL's first round draft picks were kickers, including mine, John Smith of the New England Patriots, who went on to become the league's MVPP."

MVPP?

"Yeah, as in Most Valuable Point Producer, Smith led the NFL in scoring and, in the process, led Donaldson's Dunces to the WSPFL Championship."

Do you have any plans for expansion?

"Media members all over New England are clamoring for admission, but we're going to be selective. We're only going to admit guys who we figure have no chance of winning.

"Essentially, that means we're looking toward the electronic media. Those guys are glamorous but gullible, and they've got money to throw away."

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If, some mornings, your car refuses to leave the driveway, or hates saying goodbye to stop signs, you may well be the victim of something called "cold plugs." Poor starting, misfiring, and hesitating are often caused by oil and carbon deposits on the spark plug tips. To burn these off, you need what are called hot plugs. But, for effortless high-speed running on the highway, you're better off with cold plugs. (That's what race cars use.) So what should you put in your car? Autoli Try putting in, not just new plugs, but a new brand of plugs. Autolite spark plugs. With Power Tips.\* The Power-Tip Autolite is a remarkable plug. It has what mechanics call a wide heat range. Because of its wide-heat-range design it works like two plugs—a hot plug and a cold plug. It runs hot on short trips, to burn off carbon, and cold on long trips, for smooth driving. So if your car stalls or misfires, why hesitate? Put in Autolites. Autolite Power Tip plugs In an ordinary plug, the tip have longer insulators and is short, which makes it lose heat faster at low electrodes. Heat transfers speeds. And, because it's more slowly at low speeds, not as exposed to cool so carbon burns off. But at intake gasses, it stays high speeds, lowhotter at high speeds. temperature intake gasses keep the tip cooler, to help prevent pre-ignition and

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overheating.



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## **IT FIGURES**

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#### Those 100-yard Games

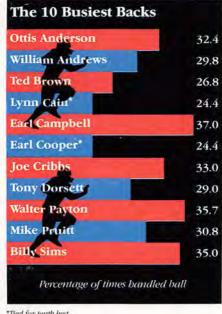
#### by Bruce Jolesch

Busy Men-Ever wonder which teams depend on which players? Or who is going to get the ball in a crucial situation. Is a certain running back overworked, or perhaps underused? Listed below is a ranking, by conference, of NFL players who handled the football (rushing, passing, pass receiving) most often for their team during the 1980 season. This does not include quarterbacks, because they obviously handle the football on every play.

AFC	Percent
1. Earl Campbell, Houston	37.0
2. Joe Cribbs, Buffalo	
3. Mike Pruitt, Cleveland	30.8
4. Ted McKnight, Kansas City	24.2
5. Mark van Eeghen, Oakland	
6. Franco Harris, Pittsburgh	23.0
7. Vagas Ferguson, New England	22.7
8. Don Calhoun, New England	22.1
9. Delvin Williams, Miami	
10. Pete Johnson, Cincinnati	
11. Charles Alexander, Cincinnati	
12. Curtis Dickey, Baltimore	
13. Joe Washington, Baltimore	18.5
14. Jim Jodat, Seattle	
15 Scott Dierking, New York Jets	
16. Jim Jensen, Denver	
17. David Preston, Denver	
18. Chuck Muncie, San Diego	

NFC	Percent
1. Walter Payton, Chicago	35.7
2. Billy Sims, Detroit	35.0
3. Ottis Anderson, St. Louis	
4. William Andrews, Atlanta	29.8
5. Tony Dorsett, Dallas	
6. Ted Brown, Minnesota	
7. Lynn Cain, Atlanta	
8. Earl Cooper, San Francisco	
9. Wilbert Montgomery, Philadelphia	
10. Eddie Lee Ivery, Green Bay	
11. Cullen Bryant, Los Angeles	
12. Ricky Bell, Tampa Bay	
13. Wilbur Jackson, Washington	
14. Jerry Eckwood, Tampa Bay	
15. Ricky Young, Minnesota	
16. Clarence Harmon, Washington	
17. Elvis Peacock, Los Angeles	
18. Billy Taylor, New York Giants	
19. Gerry Ellis, Green Bay	
20. Tony Galbreath, New Orleans	

A GOOD RUNNING GAME USUALLY IS essential to a team's success. Most experts judge the effectiveness of a running game on both how long a team controls the ball, and the yardage it gains. To the great backs in NFL history, this means 100-yard games. Jim Brown holds the all-time record with fiftyeight 100-yard games. But how did the Browns do in those games? Are there any correlations between a 100-yard



\*Tied for tenth best.

game and the probability that team will win the game? Here are some examples:

Runner	Number of 100-yard games	Team's record in those games
1. Jim Brown	58	.49-7-2
		(Cleveland Browns)
2. O.J. Simpson	42	.25-16-1
		(Buffalo Bills,
		San Francisco
		49ers)
3. Walter Payton	42	.30-12-0
		(Chicago Bears)
4. Franco Harris	37	.34-3-0
		(Pittsburgh
		Steelers)
5. Earl Campbell	28	.21-7-0
		(Houston Oilers)
6. Leroy Kelly	27	.23-4-0
and the same of th		(Cleveland Browns)
7. Jim Taylor	26	.23-2-1
		(Green Bay
		Packers)
8. Joe Perry	21	.16-5-0
		(San Francisco
		49ers, Baltimore
		Colts)
9. Gale Sayers	20	.12-6-2
		(Chicago Bears)
10. Tony Dorsett	18	.17-1-0
		(Dallas Cowboys)

 Dallas won the first 15 games in which Tony Dorsett gained 100 yards. The Cowboys broke the string in 1980, losing 38-35 to the New York Giants despite Dorsett's 183 yards.

- · The Cleveland Browns won 25 of the final 26 games—spanning four seasons—in which Jim Brown gained 100 yards, including the final 14.
- The Browns also were victorious in 15 of the final 16 games in which Leroy Kelly gained 100 yards. From 1967-69, the Browns recorded 11 consecutive victories in games in which Kelly topped the 100-yard mark in rushing.
- · Franco Harris's record also is impressive. The last team to beat Pittsburgh when he topped 100 yards was Los Angeles on December 20, 1975 by a 10-7 margin. Since then the Steelers have won 18 games in a row in which Harris has gained 100 yards or more.
- The only team to beat the Packers when Jim Taylor gained 100 yards rushing in a game was the San Francisco 49ers. They did it in 1958—Taylor's first 100-yard game ever—and in 1961. The Rams and Packers tied in December of 1964, despite Taylor's 100-yard rushing day. At one point the Packers won 14 consecutive games when Taylor had a 100-yard rushing day, and 22 of 23.
- · The most 100-yard games ever recorded in a season is 11, by Simpson in 1973 and equaled by Campbell in 1979. In both cases, Buffalo and Houston won 9 of the 11 games in which their running backs topped 100 yards. Nine is the greatest number of victories recorded in a season by a club in games in which its running back gained 100 vards or more.
- The 1980 season had the most 100vard games of the past five years. During the 16-week season, there were 88 100-yard rushing performances. The team that had a 100-yard running back won 83 percent of the time, with a season won-lost record of 73-15.
- · Last season, during the first five weeks, 21 of the 22 running backs who gained 100 yards or more did so for the team that won the game. Since 1976, the best won-lost record for a given week during the season was recorded in the first week of that 1976 season. There were nine 100-yard games that afternoon. All nine individuals played for winning teams. PRO



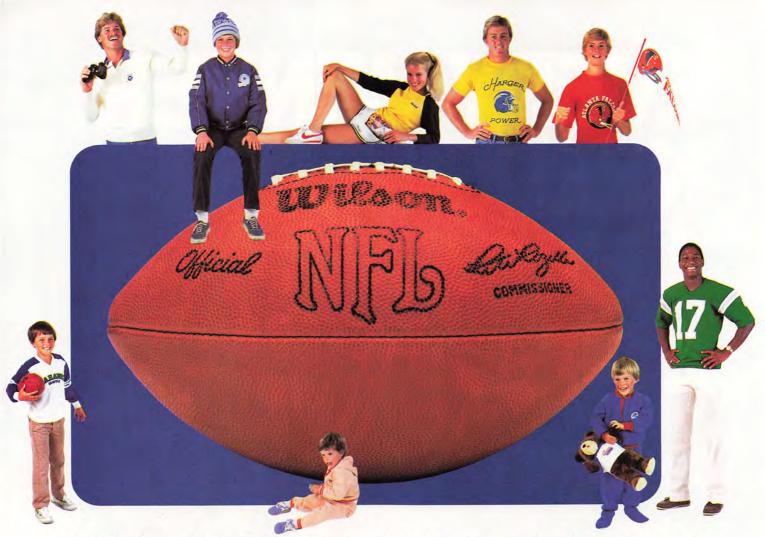






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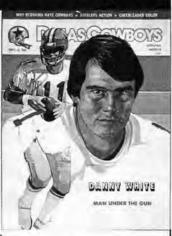
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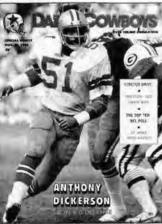


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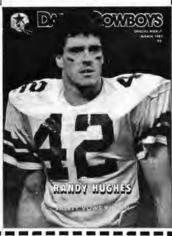
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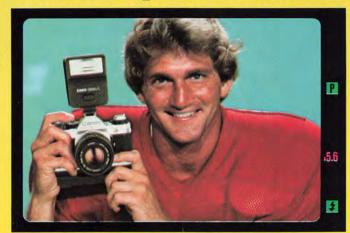
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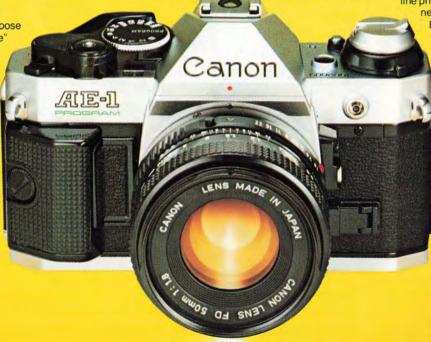
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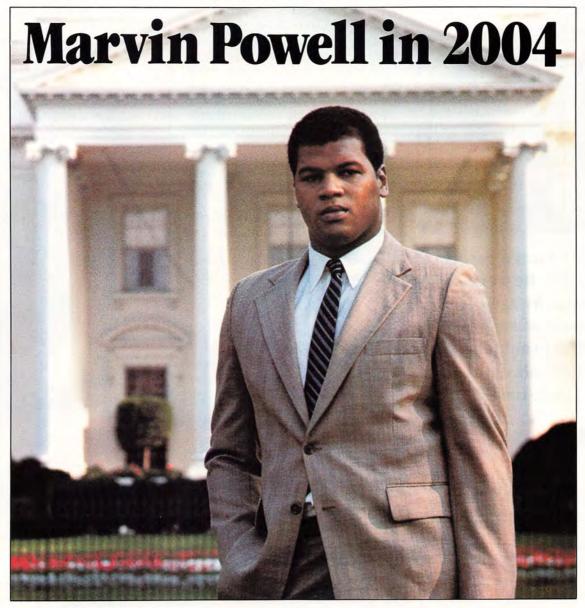












The Jets' Pro Bowl tackle is serious when he says he wants to live in the White House someday. The preparations he's making now prove it.

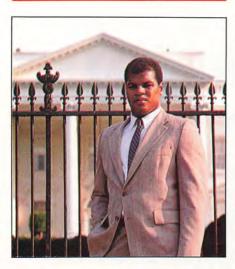
#### By John Powers

E HAD LISTENED TO THE man's recorded speeches dozens of times, had damn near memorized them. Behind all the magnificent rumbling about fighting on the beaches and England's finest hour, they all seemed to have a peculiar background noise, this "hmmmmm."

"That was one of my greatest motiva-

tions," says New York Jets tackle Marvin Powell. "I realized that Winston Churchill had a stammer. That humming was him, because apparently it relaxes your larynx to hum."

Powell himself had a stammer. You could have a speech impediment, he realized, and still be a savior to a nation. Harry Truman came lightly



Powell was a gawky youngster. He wore a size 10 shoe by age 10. "A large part of my problem was that I couldn't think and walk at the same time."

\* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \*

regarded out of Missouri and found himself—by accident of another man's death—President of a nation that hadn't exactly had him in mind.

"I found Truman totally compelling," Powell says. "Here was someone who never even wanted it, who was sincerely surprised when he became President, yet he became one of the most respected men ever to hold the office."

Powell came, big-footed and awkward, out of a North Carolina army barracks. He was black, he was oversized, he was excitable. So Marvin Powell is going to be President of the United States in the year 2000. Maybe 2004. The year isn't important.

"Naturally, I encounter some skepticism from friends, both black and white," he says in a hotel room 19 stories above Manhattan. "They say, 'Marvin, I admire you, but come *on*.' But I simply don't see any problems."

#### MARVIN'S LAW

POWELL IS WEARING A WARMUP SUIT and smoking a cigarette. On the train in from Long Island he read a book about Alexander Hamilton and the Constitution, one of a dozen he tends to sample at a given time.

Law school exams are behind him, the Jets' training camp still is a month away, and there's no presidential campaign to become immersed in. Perhaps nobody in the National Football League reads Hamilton for pleasure, and certainly not as a training manual for something two decades away.

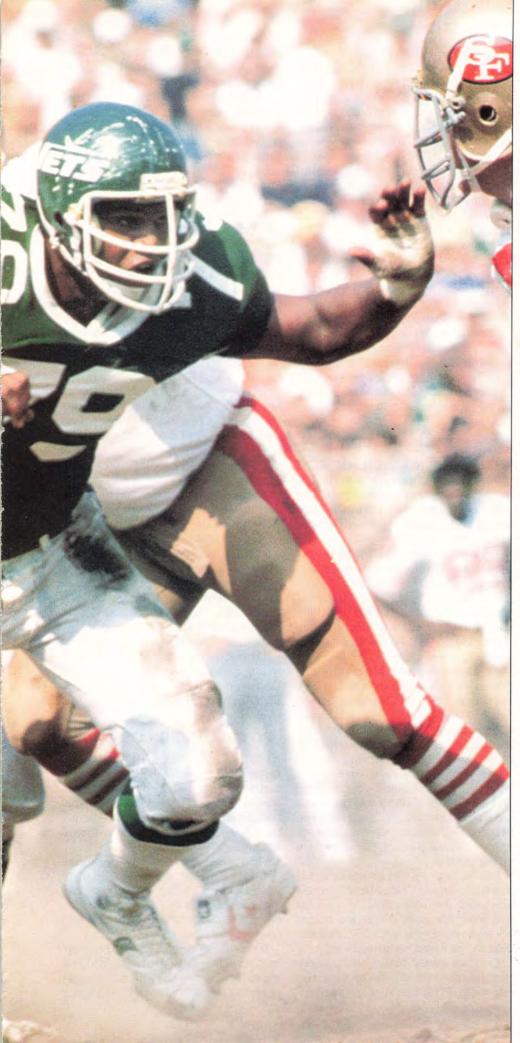
But according to Marvin's Law, this all ties in. The cornerstone of Marvin's Law, a humorously informal code that he has not bothered to set in cuneiform, is "Don't waste an hour."

A President has to know something about constitutional law. So does a law student, which is Powell's offseason persona. All of this will come together at some unspecified future point, he believes, when time and circumstance will mesh for Powell, just as they did for Churchill and Truman.

So Powell is a professional football player? So was Jack Kemp. Kemp now is a Congressman from New York, which is how Powell plans to start out. "He [Kemp] told me, 'Do it. Don't talk about it, don't think about it, do it,'" Powell says.

So Powell is black? John Kennedy was Irish Catholic, Powell tells you; Benjamin Disraeli, a Jew. Texas's blanched earth yielded Lyndon Johnson and a Great Society. "People should read more biographies," he says.





"They'd realize how everydayish these people really were."

From childhood, Powell has devoured biographies. His father and stepfather both were soldiers; Powell grew up around Fort Bragg in the same relative anonymity as most nomadic army brats, but with one important distinction.

"I used to dare to believe I could be all these things I read about," he says. "I think the difference between me and my contemporaries was that I believed that I could, and deep down, they didn't. I was so serious about it that I would break down in tears. People telling me I couldn't. That was part of my motivation."

To begin with, Powell didn't look as though he could. He was the bulky-gawky son of tall parents, and he was wearing a size 10 shoe by age 10, to the vast amusement of his friends. "A large part of my problem," Powell admits, "was that I couldn't think and walk at the same time."

It took a lunchroom challenge by the junior high football coach to get him to come out for the team—and even Powell couldn't tell offense from defense for the first five games. But by the time he was a senior at Fayetteville's 71st High School, he was an All-America linebacker for a state championship team and was inundated with so much recruiting mail that he stuffed it into plastic garbage bags.

#### **ACTORS IN A MIRACLE**

HE CHOSE THE UNIVERSITY OF Southern California, which decided to turn him into a tight end. Stagnating as a reserve—his hands were better suited for fending off linemen than catching balls—Powell asked the USC coaching staff to remold him into an offensive tackle, where his power and size would be more productive.

By his sophomore season, he'd found a niche as a starter along one of USC's classic front lines, and he'd found his football Churchill in head coach John McKay. At halftime of the Notre Dame game that fall, with Rose Bowl-bound USC taking an embarrassing 24-6 beating at home, Powell watched McKay in his finest hour.

"We all were sitting there getting ready to be defensive," Powell says. "And McKay comes into the dressing room smoking his cee-gar. 'Turn out the lights,' he said. 'I think it's a little warm in here.' Then he said, 'Gentlemen, I think we're in a football game.'"

That was all. The Trojans were stun-



"When I reached the pros, instead of seeing someone who was on my level three or four times a year, I was seeing him twenty-one times."

\* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \*



ned-and enormously impressed. "I mean he's so calm and everything was riding on it," Powell says. "Their coach, Ara Parseghian, was retiring, so you knew Notre Dame was playing its heart out. If McKay had cursed us out, he would have blown it."

Instead tailback Anthony Davis, who'd tried to run the ball behind Powell four straight times at the start of the game and ended up on his duff in the backfield, ran back the second-half kickoff for a touchdown.

'The Coliseum changed just like that," Powell says. "Just because one man ran back a kick." USC went on to score 49 straight points for a 55-24 victory, one of the most dramatic turnabouts in college football history.

"Donnie Hickman, who was a tackle and my best friend, kept saving, 'I know anything is possible now," Powell recalls. "It was almost like we'd been actors in a miracle. Almost like God was saving, 'You want to see a miracle? Here it is."

#### ROOKIE REALITY

THERE WERE NO SUCH MIRACLES during Powell's first year with the lets in 1977, when they finished 3-11. "We lost more games than I'd lost in high school and college combined," Powell says. "I was humbled by that."

He was humbled, too, by the quality of the men lining up opposite him every Sunday. He had been picked fourth overall in the NFL draft, behind USC tailback Ricky Bell, Pittsburgh halfback Tony Dorsett, and Miami defensive tackle Eddie Edwards. Great deeds were expected.

"I was a definite blue-chipper," Powell says. "And I knew that the NFL knew it. At USC I had always gotten by because I was quick to learn and I was a competitor. When I reached the pros, instead of seeing someone who was on my level three or four times a year, I was seeing him twenty-one times, whereas before I could go out there and knock 'em off like it was nothing. I wasn't used to having to give a hundred percent all the time. After my first six games in the pros, I came away a changed man."

His life was in metamorphosis, his mind frequently elsewhere. Powell was going through a divorce from his first wife, whom he'd married before his sophomore year at USC. Teammates considered him a reclusive loner.

Coaches fretted about his apparent nonchalance and affinity for the trainer's room. "That first year," says Jets offensive line coach Bob Fry, "I don't know if Marvin had made up his mind to be a great tackle."

There had been no question that the physical tools were there. The man stood 6 feet 5 inches and weighed 268 pounds. He had quick feet, superior agility, and vast power. "He is one of the strongest kids I'd ever been around," Fry says. "Great natural strength. It didn't come from a weight room."

Even though the Jets were coming off their second straight 3-11 season and New York fans and media were clamoring for a skill-position player out of the draft, the Jets had gambled and chosen Powell. The Jets would nudge right tackle Winston Hill, a 14year veteran who had played in the AFC-NFC Pro Bowl four times, into retirement to make way for him. Coach Walt Michaels said he'd be building around Powell for the next decade.

"There was quite a bit of pressure on Marvin," says Jets' left tackle and fellow "bookend" Chris Ward. "I know because they picked me fourth overall in the first round the next year, and people really were looking for a running back by then."

Though he had started immediately and made the NFL's all-rookie team, Powell still was viewed as lackadaisical, something of a disappointment. Part of it was his nature—he simply didn't display emotion very often.

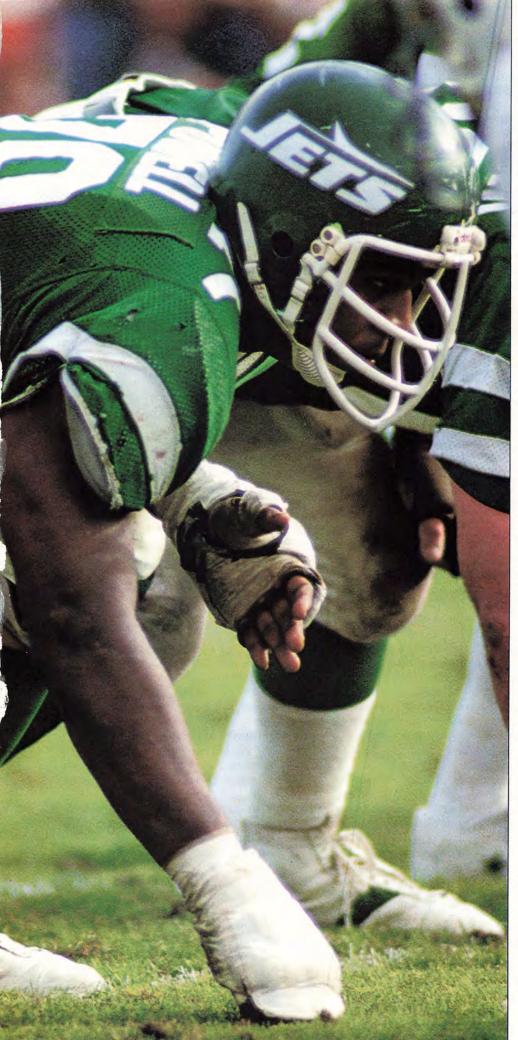
"People would get upset with me because I seemed aloof during games," Powell says. "In high school and college I was always getting chewed out by assistant coaches because they thought I didn't care. It was, 'Marvin, what's wrong with you? Aren't you even here? Don't you even care?' Well, I lived and died for the team, but it wasn't my style."

#### **POWELL-IN-RENAISSANCE**

PART OF IT WAS POWELL'S incomplete dedication. He realized it and went into retreat during the offseason. "You sort of check out from the social thing," Powell says. "Take some time for introspection, do a lot of reading."

He'd gone off that way twice before -once before his senior year in high school after a charley horse had cost him half a season and deflated his confidence, and again before his sophomore year at USC.

It was like Moses going to the mountain, Powell reasoned. Muhammad going to the cave, or the American presidents to Camp David. Revelations were



best produced in solitude.

Each retreat had brought forth a Powell-in-Renaissance. This one, though, was delayed. It wasn't until the offseason between his second and third years as a Jet, when he discovered the hidden value in a movie projector, that Powell bridged the gap between potential and achievement.

He'd read somewhere that former Eagles tackle Bob Brown, one of his idols, used to study old films to mine information about opponents. The Jets, Powell realized, had a mother lode of material sitting unexploited in film cans.

"He got heavily into the films," says Ward, who was rooming with Powell at the time. "He looked at them five hours a day. I remember him telling me that he was studying Winston Hill. Winston had played the right side, too. I said, 'You can't go too far wrong there.'"

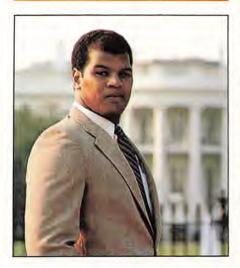
Powell had team film director Jim Pons scour the files for footage on every classic tackle he could think of —Brown, George Kunz, Dan Dierdorf, Jim Tyrer, even Fry. After practices, he'd stay at the Jets' complex for hours, running the loops back and forth, whooping in delight as a cinema buff might whenever he saw a timeless moment.

"If you know what you're looking for," Powell says, "it's beautiful to watch someone who really plays his position well. A tackle moving with the grace of a dancer and hitting with the force of a rhinoceros. I would assimilate what they were doing into my own line play without even realizing it."

What he realized was that all the great tackles had similar qualities. They played with the basic skills, of course, but also with unshakable poise and keen football intelligence—"that is," Powell says, "the ability to interpret a situation quickly and read instantaneously."

His head filled with impeccable techniques, his body trimmed and honed into superb condition, Powell returned to New York's 1979 training camp ready to fulfill the promise his coaches had seen two years earlier.

Powell and rookie defensive end Mark Gastineau engaged in practice duels that drew the fans' attention more than the passing drills. The two still go at each other as though they were playing in the Super Bowl. "I have to prepare for two seasons," Gastineau says, "a regular season and a season with Marvin. He's a whole separate season himself, because Marvin is not the kind of guy who just wants to get his techniques down. He wants to get his



"I wish sometimes I had a little staff like Mr. Reagan or Mr. Bush. Just to sit down and map out Marvin Powell's quasi-platform."

\* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \* \*

techniques down and go 100 percent. So with us, it's like thirty-five to forty minutes of just all-out killing each other."

When Powell and Gastineau first squared off in 1979, Fry noticed the difference immediately. "Everybody said Marvin would burn himself out," he says.

Instead, Powell was voted the team's most valuable player (the Jets led the league in rushing for the first time ever), was selected to the AFC-NFC Pro Bowl, and used his Pro Bowl trip to pick the brains of his new peers—Art Shell, Rayfield Wright, Russ Washington, and Leon Gray.

"To me it was a clinic," Powell says.
"I'd have been a fool not to sit there and just drain them. And they were good about it. They play my position. I'm no threat to them."

Besides, they'd been observing Powell's progress since he first arrived, with his sheaf of press clippings, as a rookie. "You read about a big strong kid who runs a 4.8 forty drafted that high," says Houston Oilers tackle Leon Gray. "Well, you're proud of your own ability, so maybe we watched him a little more closely."

#### KEEPING HIS COOL

WHAT THEY NOTICED WAS "ALMOST a prototype of an offensive tackle," says Gray, a mammoth run blocker bent on bowling over defenders. "Marvin is big and rangy, but he's quick and agile," says Patriots defensive end Tony McGee. "He seems to have a style of his own. He's the mainstay of the Jets' offensive line as far as I'm concerned." Powell displayed a trace of overaggressiveness, though, that veterans thought might be turned against him.

"Instead of trying to more or less destroy people," Gray says, "Marvin needed to learn how to play angles and techniques, especially for pass blocking. What I tried to tell him was, look, if you approach a guy a certain way, here are the ways he can beat you. He's more patient now. He's 6-5. He doesn't have to worry about guys knocking him over. That isn't going to happen. The key thing for an offensive lineman is that he's got to be tenacious, but he's got to be passive, too."

It came with the position, Powell realized, particularly on passing downs, where an offensive lineman essentially is a defender. "Someone did a study once," Powell says. "Offensive tackles are very composed, very conservative, very quiet off the field. Maybe it carries

all the way through.

"It's completely opposite from what a defensive lineman does, where he gets psyched up and just goes crazy. If you're emotional, you get beat. So if you get stepped on or kicked or gouged, you take it, and you wait until you can get the blow in. My father always told me that a man who will lose his temper is a man who will die early, especially in war."

#### CHURCHILLIAN CONSERVATIVE

MARVIN POWELL SR. WAS A COMBAT medical specialist who survived the Normandy invasion (at age 15), the Korean conflict, and two Vietnam tours. When Powell's parents divorced, his mother married another army sergeant, who was killed in Vietnam two weeks before his tour would have ended.

Powell still stays in touch with Marvin, Sr., who instilled the love for reading and interest in politics that would become a passion with his son.

Powell was plowing through *The Rise and Fall of the Third Reich* at nine and discussing Churchill and Kennedy with his father, "a conservative Democrat and sort of an armchair president."

So the son grew up as a "Churchillian conservative," which had translated into a Republican moderate by the time he entered USC.

He worked for Gerald Ford in 1976—"just walking and smiling"—and for George Bush in 1980. He did "everything," Powell says—phone banks, door-to-door canvassing, pep talks to volunteers. "I thought Bush was the most viable moderate," Powell says, but he stressed that he had no trouble accepting Ronald Reagan, whom he'd come to appreciate as California governor during his days at USC.

"I'd heard how conservative he was," Powell says, "but I found he was much more pragmatic. His feet were not as firmly set in concrete as people said."

The important thing, Powell decided, was the party themes. His American political heroes—Roosevelt, Truman, Kennedy, Johnson—had been Democrats. But the Democratic approach to the problems of the seventies seemed rut-bound to him.

"The Democrats' biggest asset was their proclivity towards imaginative solutions," Powell says. "But the record got scratched. They were caught up in one groove, and it just stuck there spinning. They became stagnant. By just throwing money at problems, the Democrats were doing more of a disservice to the people they wanted to help."

#### **POWELL'S QUASI-PLATFORM**

SO POWELL IS AGAINST EXCESSIVE welfare—"people have to have an incentive to work." He worries about the economic stress bearing down on the American middle class—"because they do foot the bill."

He favors strengthening the armed forces and doing more for the man in uniform—"increase the pay; make it worthwhile for a young man to spend ten years in the military."

He thinks the Equal Rights Amendment should pass and believes in choice for pregnant women. He believes civics should be a mandatory subject in school and that there should be a tax penalty for not voting. "People don't even have the most rudimentary idea of how Washington works, for example," he says. "They can't understand why something can't be done just like that. It shows an ignorance of the system."

He cocks a skeptical eyebrow toward the hypnotic power of television, even upon himself ("even during commercials I can't stand I'm just gazing; my face doesn't even change expression") and right-wing pressure groups like the Moral Majority. Yet he believes that America offers the best chance for upward mobility. "You still can rise as high as you want.

"I wish sometimes I had a little staff like Mr. Reagan or Mr. Bush," Powell says. "Just to sit down and map out Marvin Powell's quasi-platform."

#### VIET CONG OF THE NFL

HIS NEW YORK TEAMMATES ALREADY joke about it when they see Powell show up for games in coat and tie, toting a briefcase. Mr. President, they call him.

His library is stocked with volumes of history, current affairs, psychology, and religion. His speech is studded with metaphors and quotes from Faulkner, Churchill, Jefferson, and Edmund Burke. Last year's Jets, he says, were sort of the Viet Cong of the league. Even though we were 4-12, people feared us in a way. You knew we could beat you. Teams would play us, and you could sense the tension off the field because they knew."

Powell ponders this a moment. "It's nice to be thought of as the Viet Cong," he says, "but it'd be nicer to be thought of as the Roman legions or one of Alex-

#### "...a lot of people [in law school] who heard I played football thought I'd be an idiot."



ander's armies. Something that was to be respected and feared because of overwhelming strength. We are one of the most optimistic teams in the league. The Jets do not go into the last game of the season thinking, 'We're glad it's over.'"

New York may have enjoyed only one winning season since the fabled victory over Baltimore in Super Bowl III, but Powell is convinced the elements of success already are present.

Inexperience and youth have hamstrung them recently, but one day time and circumstance will come together, just as they did for Namath's team a dozen years ago. Look to the past and see the future, Powell believes.

Wasn't that one of the American problems with Vietnam, he wonders? That the policy formulators didn't study the history of foreign involvement in the area, didn't understand what motivated the people?

Isn't that one of the Russian miscalculations in Afghanistan, not realizing what spurs the guerrilla to match his 19th century rifle with a Soviet tank? "To die for Allah," Powell muses. "What greater pleasure?"

Wasn't that what helped Truman whenever he faced a thorny problem? "Clark Clifford said that he had total recall of American history," Powell says. "He had a meeting in 1949 or 1950, and Truman got up and said, 'Well, this happened to Andrew Jackson and this is how he handled it...'"

Study history thoroughly enough, Powell figures, and you'll see patterns and realize how Churchill and Truman and Johnson recognized that their moment, their set of circumstances finally had meshed.

#### THE LEGAL SEASON

"I THINK THE MOST SUCCESSFUL people are those able to see the grand design quicker than anybody else," Powell says. "The person who can grasp the system. So I do have a career plan, a path."

Which is one reason why he enrolled at the New York Law School last winter. Though he realizes he still has four years before he feels his peak as a football player and at least another half dozen beyond that, Powell is looking to his political destiny.

He took a month after the 1980 season, "time to rest, time to get healed," then began his five-month legal season. "All your friends are sitting in Bermuda," he says, "and you're trudging in on the train every day, commuting to the city, getting trampled by little old ladies."

Powell found it exhausting yet satisfying. "It filled a void I had for intellectual stimulation," he says. "But it's competition. You run off the same batteries. That's why it's so draining. I'm going there full-semester, full-load. You're in there locking horns with 200 other people. After the semester I laid around for three weeks. I was burned. Twenty minutes into the last exam I was fried. To have to sit down and read for a couple of months like that..."

Powell weathered it and probably impressed a few skeptics in the process. "I think a lot of people who heard I played football thought I'd be an idiot," he says. "But to talk to people, to watch their faces change...."

Powell has relished that ever since his high school days, when friends who'd call him Big Foot realized that he'd grown into an intimidating figure.

At USC, where he was a linebackerturned mediocre tight end, he learned a new position in a few weeks and went on to make All-America twice. And Jets teammates who'd figure him for an underachieving loner now assume routinely that they'll be visiting him at the White House somewhere around the year 2004.

"They joke about it, of course, but it's taken seriously," says Fry, "because it's Marvin. If he says it and sets his mind to it."

He simply sees no problems. Time and circumstance flow together every day for somebody. "I was going on and on about the challenges to my father, especially about being black in America," Powell recalls. And he said, "yeah, you have one if you think about it."

Does it matter if he has to settle for being a Pro Football Hall of Fame offensive tackle, constitutional lawyer, and Congressman from Long Island? Not as long as he's observed Marvin's Law

"As long as you die running," Powell says. "The struggle is the beauty." Churchill said that. Or maybe it was Oliver Wendell Holmes.



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Falcons safety Tom Pridemore was elected to the West Virginia House of Delegates last year. His adopted home is Atlanta, but his heart is in Ansted.

#### By David Shribman

he day he was elected, West Virginia Delegate Larry Thomas Pridemore, Jr., D-Fayette County, was in Suwanee, Georgia, his hands full of grime, his pants soiled with dirt, his face covered with perspiration. There, while he and his Atlanta Falcons' teammates were preparing to face the St. Louis Cardinals that weekend, a political career was born.

In the small, two-story house with aluminum siding that is both his parents' home and his campaign headquarters, there was a quiet celebration in honor of the newest political star in Ansted, West Virginia. In the team clubhouse set in the red clay of Georgia, the Falcons marked the occasion by giving safety Tom Pridemore a new nickname. They called him "Senator."

The West Virginia House of Delegates is a long way from the United States Senate, but it is an ample start. Jimmy Car-

ter began his political career far more modestly as a member of the Sumter County School Board. Besides, Pridemore doesn't have to depend on his clippings as a state legislator to get press exposure. He is, after all, a professional football player.

Senator Robert F. Byrd of West Virginia, the U.S. Senate Minority Leader, can breathe easily for the time being. Pridemore has finished only his "first season" in the state house in Charleston and thus far has much more experience in the defensive secondary than in issues affecting national defense. And, for the immediate future at least, Pridemore has his sights more on the Silverdome (site of Super Bowl XVI) than on the finely sculptured dome of the U.S. Capitol.

Pro football has a number of alumni in politics and even has one passing combination in office—Ed Rutkowski, the Erie County, New York, county execu-



#### "I got into politics to do something for the area I live in and for the people I grew up with. These people gave a lot to me."

tive, once caught passes from Jack Kemp, the Buffalo congressman, when the two played for the Bills. But Pridemore is the NFL's only active office-holder. Midway through his two-year term, he expects to run for re-election.

He is one politician—and athlete—who has not forgotten the folks back home. He maintains an apartment outside Atlanta, but his heart remains in the tiny West Virginia coal town of Ansted (population 2,000). It is a hardscrabble town with a few car dealerships and a hardware store, a town where the people who gather in the drugstore know the faces of the boys who play football for the Highlanders of Ansted High.

Pridemore was one of those boys—it is almost a prerequisite for office—as was his father, who long ago was a Highlanders' defensive end. There Pridemore went to school with coal miners' daughters, there his 68 classmates elected him junior class president, and there the name Tom Pridemore first made the papers—as an all-state defensive back in his junior year, as an all-state running back in his senior year.

Ansted is where Pridemore plans to settle once his days of chasing pass receivers come to an end. His family is there, his friends are there, and his values can be traced there. Those values include hard work and service.

"I didn't get into politics to become governor or senator or President," says Pridemore, who at 25 is the youngest member of the House of Delegates. "I got into politics to do something for the area I live in and for the people I grew up with. These people gave a lot to me. They don't expect me to pay them back, but I'd like to show my appreciation for what they've done for me."

Showing his appreciation by taking on a political office is easier said than done in West Virginia, which, despite its rural setting, has as passionate a political scene as any urban area. The people who nearly kept the 1960 Democratic presidential nomination from John F. Kennedy weren't about to send a member of the Atlanta Falcons to Charleston without good reason.

Pridemore had worked in Charleston during the offseason, assisting another Fayette County delegate and seeing something of the lobbying, the horsetrading, and the smoke-filled rooms of state politics. But he still had a lot to prove to his neighbors, who were faced with 27 candidates in the June 3 Democratic primary and who still had to be convinced that the young man who earned his living by playing football across the country really did care about the conditions of the roads back home in Ansted

So Pridemore set out to convince them. It required a degree of physical and psychological exertion more grueling than anything he had experienced playing at West Virginia University or with the Falcons. For days, Pridemore walked the streets of Fayette County, knocking on doors, talking with housewives, sparring with coal miners, and soothing the elderly. Each day, he had breakfast with one group, lunch with another, and dinner with a third.

"By the time it was over I was totally drained," Pridemore says. "It was as much punishment as a full football season. You are expected to be everywhere—even though there often were more candidates than voters at some of the functions. Sometimes I felt as if I were trying to sell myself to the other candidates, who weren't about to vote for me. By the end of the primary campaign, I was so tired I could have dropped right there on the street."

The campaign was a snapshot from an American political scrapbook, the earnest young man seeking votes from his skeptical neighbors. He bought signs, passed out bumper stickers, and hired two billboards. Whenever he ran into an old high school classmate or a neighbor he had met countless times in the grocery store, the questions were the same: How much of the annual 60-day legislative session would Pridemore miss if he and the Falcons made it to the Super Bowl? Could Pridemore devote enough time to his duties?

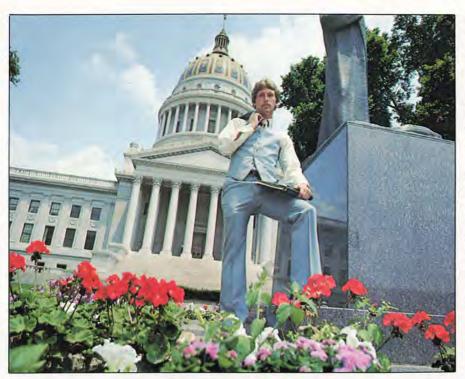
He thought he could, though few agreed with him when he set out to win a spot on the Democratic ticket, which in coal counties such as Fayette meant almost certain victory in the general election in November. But for the doubters he had an answer, and he repeated it again and again:

"The people who are in town twelve months a year work nine to five every day. They're only available after work, in the evenings. During the seven months of the year I'm around, I can devote myself full-time to my duties. It works out to *more* time."

Pridemore also talked issues. The

Aggressiveness is Pridemore's strength. The Bears' Noah Jackson (65) finds out.





## "Some of these people [the old and handicapped] have to choose: heat or eat. People shouldn't have to make that choice."

only state in the Middle Atlantic region with a population growth higher than the national average, West Virginia faces some difficult growth decisions. Its roads need repair. Its teachers' salaries rank forty-second in the nation. With hundreds of coal miners out of work, Pridemore was concerned that over-regulation was pricing West Virginia out of a coal market that is just now heading into a boom cycle.

The big issue remained Pridemore himself. "It's not easy to sell yourself day after day," he says. "I was real happy when June 3 rolled around."

In the end, he had good reason to be happy. He not only acquitted himself creditably for a political rookie, but he won one of the three spots on the Democratic ticket. All that and one thing more: He topped the field of 27 candidates.

The general election was a breeze. Pridemore went off to training camp, submitted himself to the discipline of Falcons coach Leeman Bennett, and played nine regular season games worrying more about the Patriots of New England and the Lions of Detroit than of the patriots and political lions of West Virginia. His father and brother, who oper-

ate a water systems service in Ansted, and the rest of his family kept the campaign fire burning, passing out the voting cards, and selecting poll watchers.

Democrat Pridemore was as big a winner as Republican Reagan, but Reagan—who competed for the votes of some 100 million people—knew the results of his race far sooner than Pridemore did. It is a measure of the age that the computer has come to the board of elections in Fayette County, West Virginia; it is equally a measure of the times that the computer, and a back-up system, failed. It wasn't until the votes were taken to a neighboring county for tallying a day later that Pridemore knew for sure he had won one of the three seats.

That was the easy part. Now Pridemore, whose thoughts were occupied with the Falcons' drive for their first NFC West title, had to prove himself on an entirely different field.

With an aggressive style of play that fit in with the Atlanta brand of defense, Pridemore had come to the Falcons as a ninth-round draft choice from a West Virginia University team that had beaten North Carolina State in the 1975 Peach Bowl. In the first game of his rookie season he blocked a punt in the Falcons' 20-14 upset of Houston. He won a spot in the starting lineup after veteran Ray Easterling suffered an elbow injury in the second game of the season.

One week, in October, 1978, the Associated Press chose Pridemore as its defensive player of the week for a remarkable combination of plays against the Detroit Lions. He stopped running back Horace King on fourth-and-goal in the third quarter. He forced a fumble on a fourth down with the Lions deep in Atlanta territory and the Falcons clinging to 7-0 fourth-quarter lead. And then, to preserve the Falcons' 14-0 lead and to clinch Atlanta's first home shutout in 13 seasons, Pridemore intercepted Gary Danielson's pass at the Falcons' 22 in the game's closing moments.

In 1980, Pridemore's interception set up the game-winning touchdown in a 14-10 victory over the Eagles in Philadelphia. Later that season, when the Buffalo Bills mounted a drive for a go-ahead touchdown in the final quarter, Pridemore made an interception on the 1 vard line.

Things didn't come quite as easily in the House of Delegates, where rookies seldom break in with much splash. Politics quickly lost its Mr. Pridemore-Goesto-Charleston quality at the West Virginia State House, where delegates have neither offices nor aides and where the politicians who carry their own bags do so because there is no alternative.

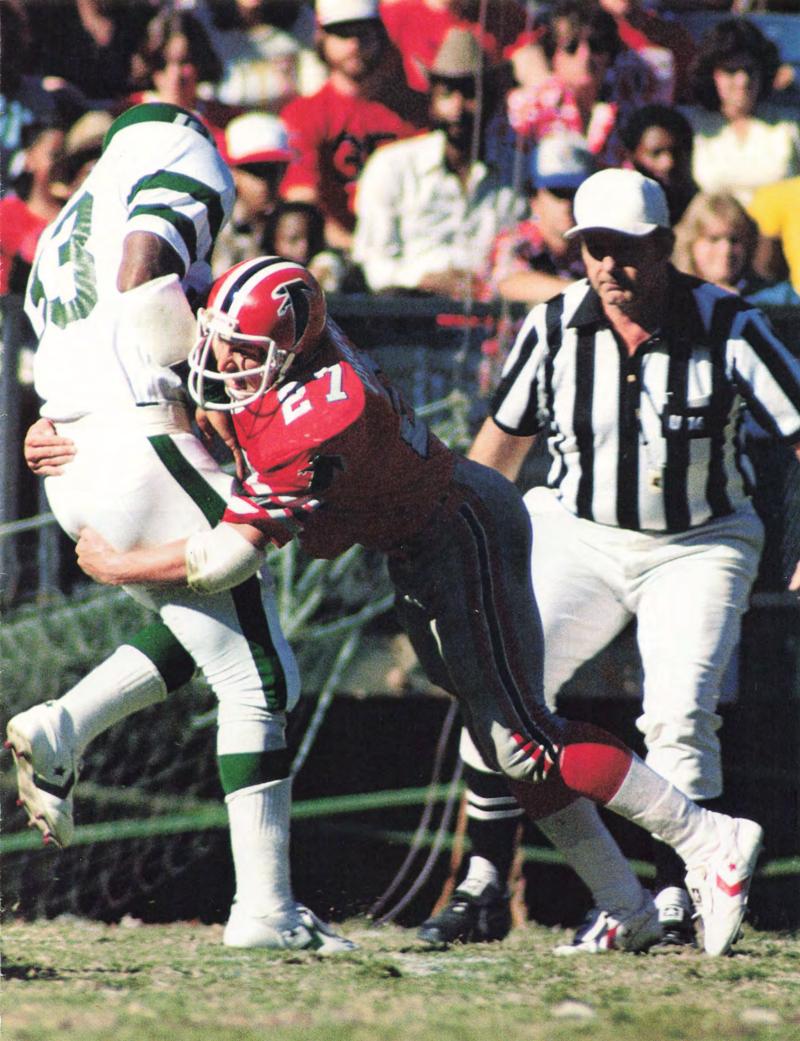
Pridemore, who is used to quick starts, found new truth in the old aphorism of former Speaker of the U.S. House of Representatives Sam Rayburn: To get along, go along.

Pridemore went along, though his voice was not totally stilled in the blue-and-gold chambers of the House of Delegates. Last season he introduced a court-reform bill to help insure speedy trails in state courts, and, in the wake of three deaths in West Virginia high school football, he introduced a health bill to require high schools to hire certified athletic trainers.

Neither passed, but both will be introduced again next session, along with two more—one to help businesses collect from customers who pass bad checks and a second to assist those people whose heating bills exceed their income.

These bills all stem from one of Pridemore's political principles. "I always felt strongly about helping people who can't

Pridemore has led the Falcons' secondary in tackles for three straight years.



#### **Coal Miners' Favorite Son**

help themselves—older people, the handicapped," he says. "They can't get out and do what the average person can do, and we can make life easier for them. Some of these people have to choose: heat or eat. People shouldn't have to make that choice."

There were, to be sure, many frustrations during that first session in Charleston. Legislation moves slowly, if at all. Institutions resist new ideas. It is politics run by the rules of the Tehran bazaar—more a process of barter than logic. And so it will be unto untold generations.

"Every first-year delegate goes down there with the idea he is going to go in and completely do away with all bad government, pass lots of good laws, and singlehandedly get rid of all the crooks," Pridemore says. "Well, it doesn't work that way. Legislation is very slow. The leadership controls a lot of what you can or can't do. If you go down there with the idea that you won't go along with anything, you stand very little chance of getting what you want."

But an effective junior member of the

House of Delegates is much like a good defensive back. He does his work behind the scenes and often escapes notice. So it was a somewhat familiar role that Pridemore assumed when he took a seat on the Finance Committee, one of the most important assignments in the House.

"You meet during the day and you meet at night," he says. "We're putting together a state budget in the first half of the session and we spend most of the time listening to budget requests from various department heads. That gives us only about ten days to write the budget and to get it reported out on the fiftieth day of the sixty-day session. That means you eat about once a day."

Even Pridemore doesn't know whether his seat in the House of Delegates is a training camp for something bigger in the political world. He knows he can't retire on the \$5,136 annual salary the seat carries. He has invested in some commercial rental property in West Virginia, has purchased some farm land in his home state, and is toying with the idea of going into business once his

football career comes to an end.

Whether it is politics or business, one thing is certain. He will do it in West Virginia.

This summer he was eating in the revolving restaurant above the Peachtree Plaza Hotel in Atlanta. On a cool, sunny day he looked out at Atlanta-Fulton County Stadium, at the Georgia State House, at the Omni, and then at the sparkling headquarters of the Coca-Cola Company. It was a splendid view. As he looked at the city skyline below, the delegate from Fayette County, West Virginia, put down his fork and said:

"West Virginia is home. My style of life comes from there. I enjoy coming to Atlanta, playing football for the Falcons, having fun here. But by the time the season is over, I'm very glad to go back home...to relax, to enjoy the slower pace of life. You go downtown and you know everyone you pass. That's where I belong. I love the area. I care about the people."

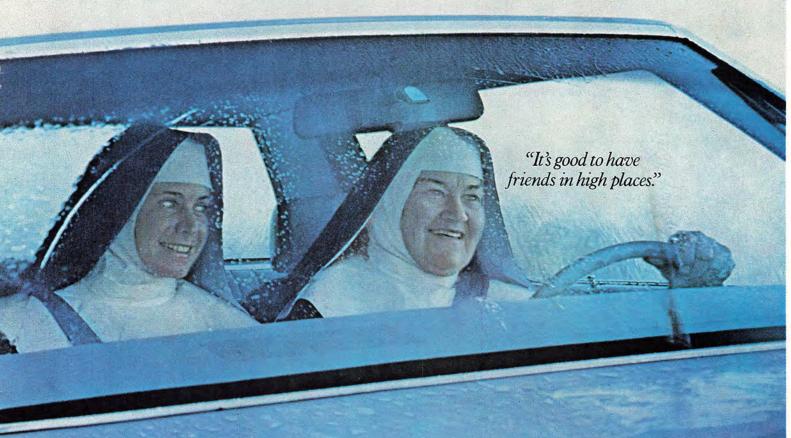
Then he paused, as if to gather his thoughts. "I guess," he said, "that's why I'm in politics."





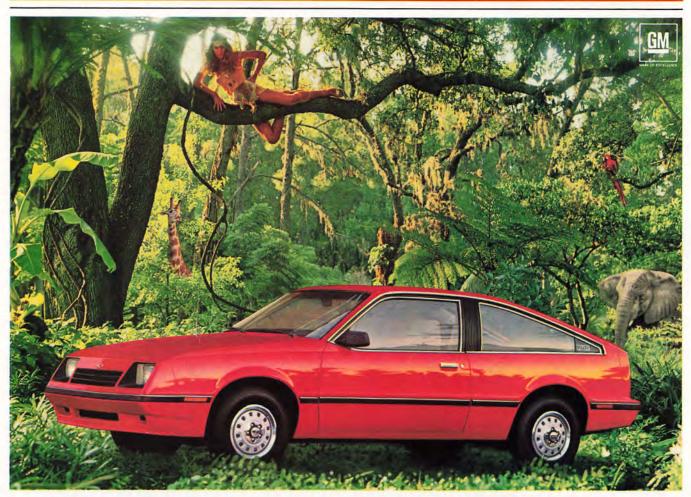






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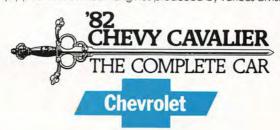
up to 43 Est. Highway/ 26 EPA Est. MPG.\* And engine buffs will be interested to know Cavalier's standard 1.8 Liter, 4-cylinder engine actually delivers more horsepower per liter than some highly regarded V8s.

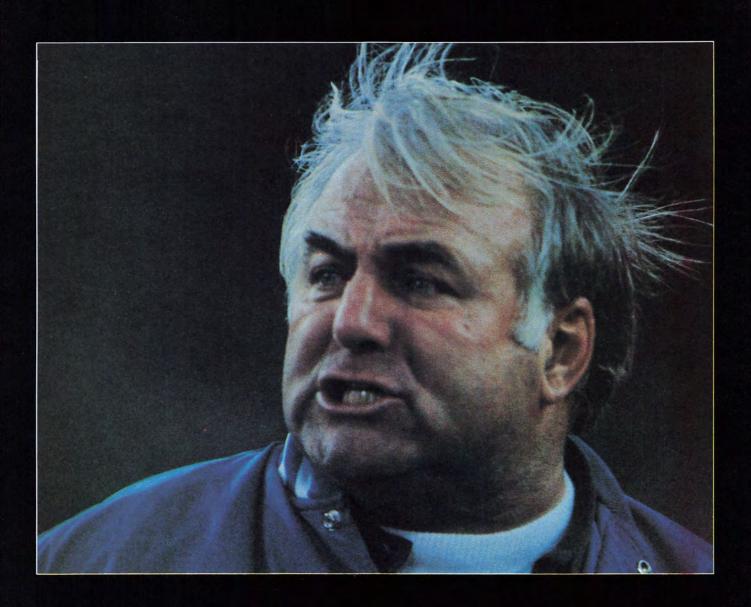
#### Plan your escape now.

Your Chevy dealer can help put your escape plan in motion, starting with a test drive. Get inside. Drive it around the block. Then all that's left to do is to decide whether you want to buy or lease a new 1982 Cavalier. Whichever you choose, one thing's for sure:

You won't have any trouble at all adjusting to your new freedom.

\*Use estimated MPG for comparisons. Your mileage may differ depending on speed, distance, weather. Actual highway mileage lower. Calif. Est. Highway 42. Chevrolets are equipped with GM-built engines produced by various divisions. See your dealer for details.

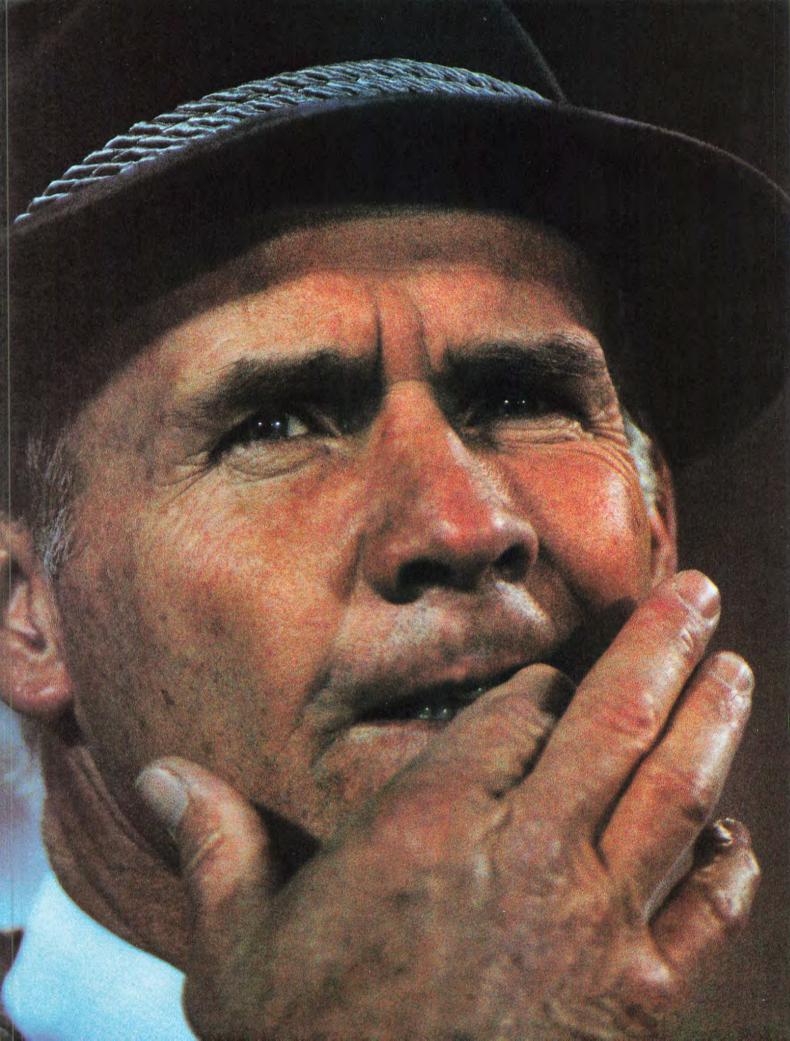




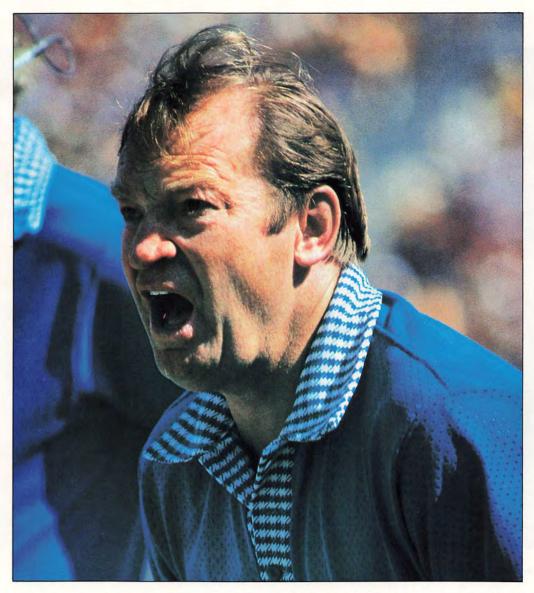
## It's Only a Game

So they say

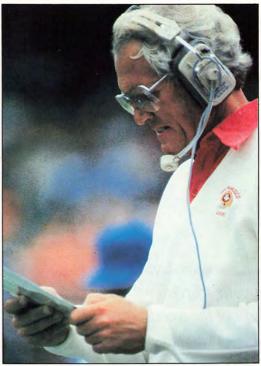
The function of the lens is not necessarily to flatter its subject. A finger twitches, a shutter opens, light blasts through a little opening, and that's that. So, to be perfectly candid, none of the men pictured here need explain himself. The photographs show anguish, frustration, disgust, and momentary despair—but always in full concentration, as if the weight of the stadium were a mandatory item in the baggage of the NFL head coach.



Authority
and place
demonstrate
and try the
tempers of men,
by moving every
passion and
discovering
every frailty."
—Plutarch





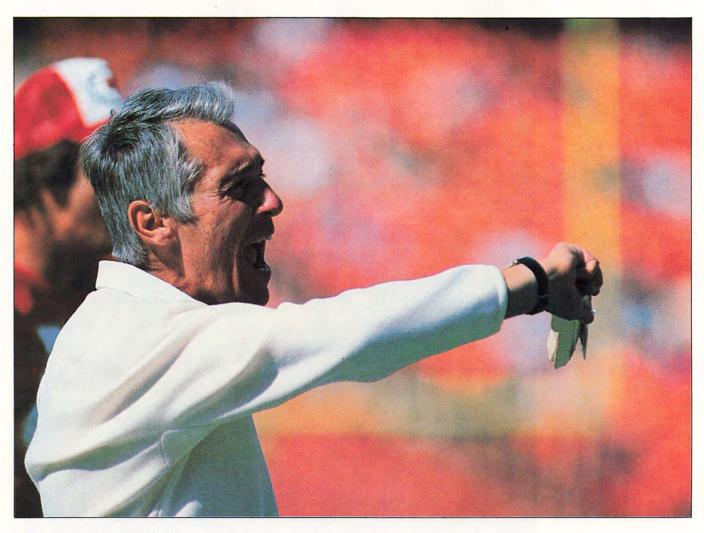


◆Tom Landry,
Dallas Cowboys

▲ Don Coryell,
San Diego Chargers

▶ Ray Malavasi,
Los Angeles Rams
(near right)

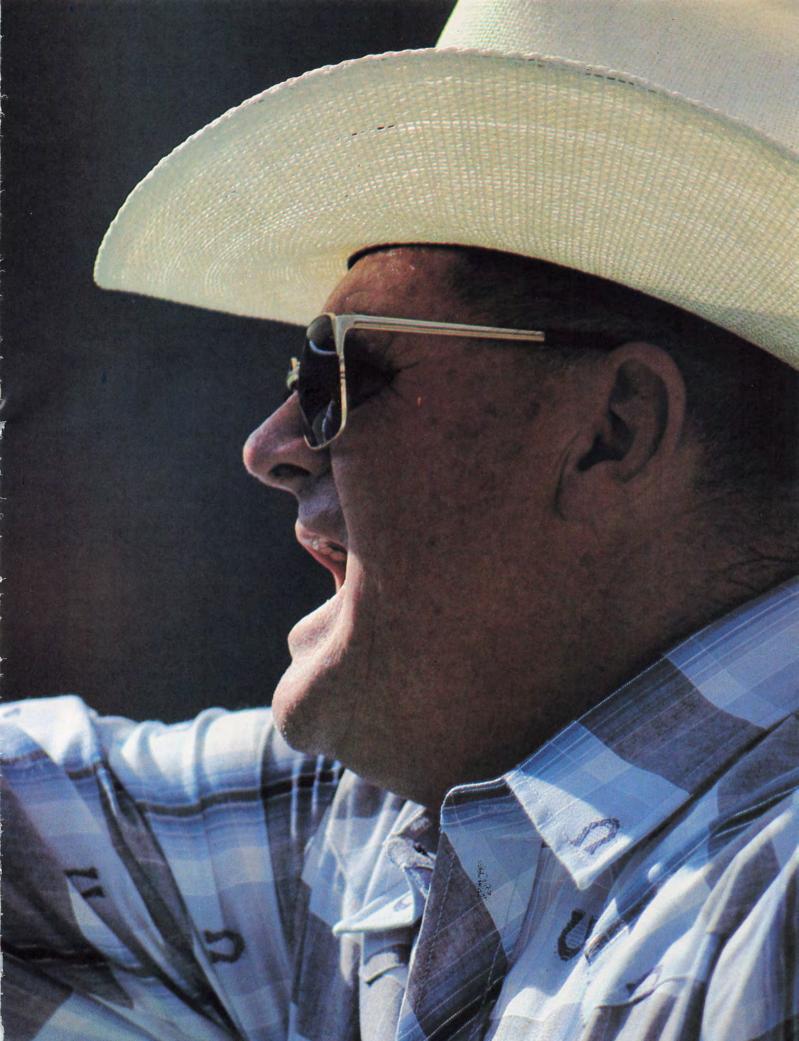
▶ Bill Walsh,
San Francisco 49ers
(far right)

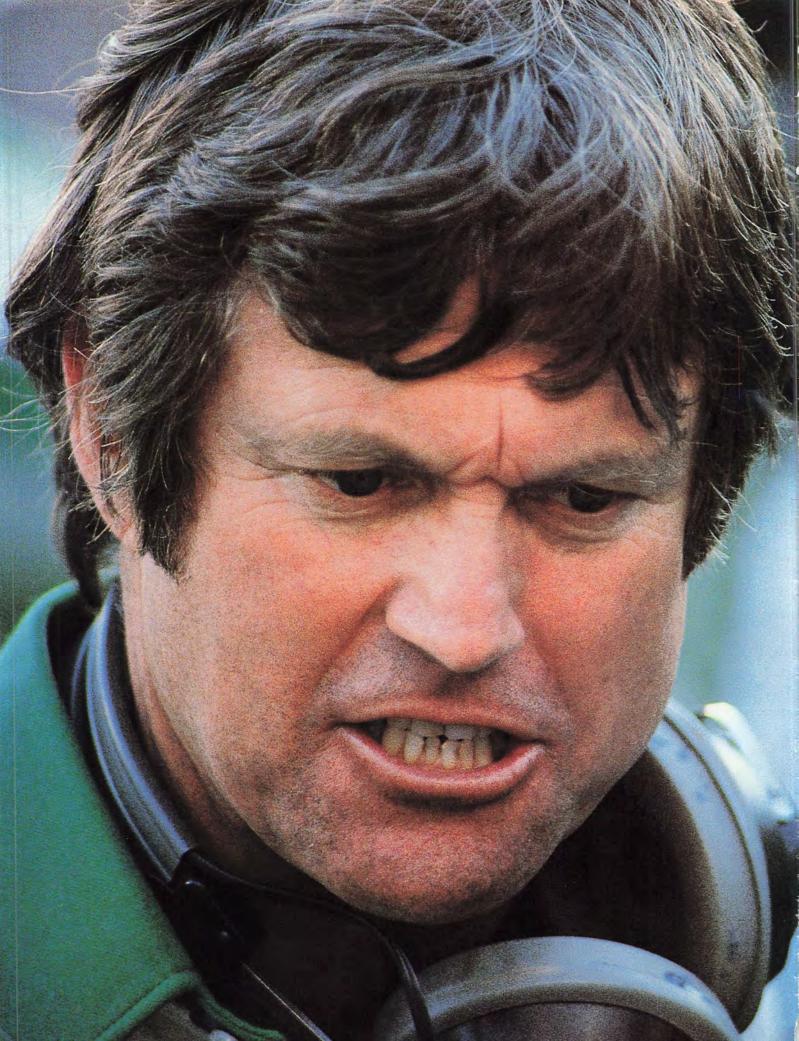


▲ Marv Levy, Kansas City Chiefs

I understand the fury in your words, but not the words."

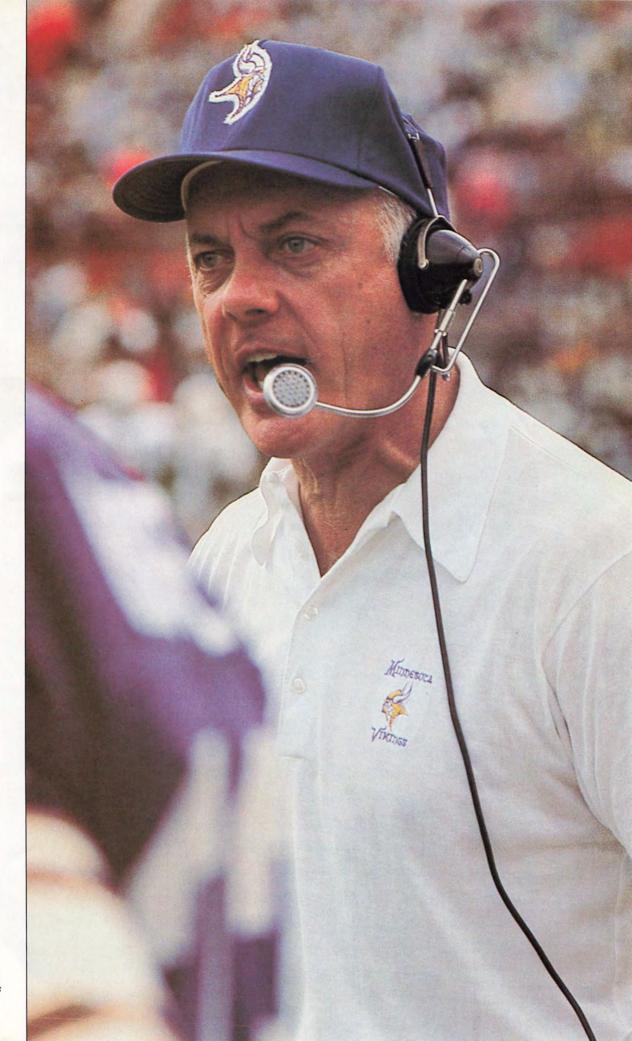
-Shakespeare





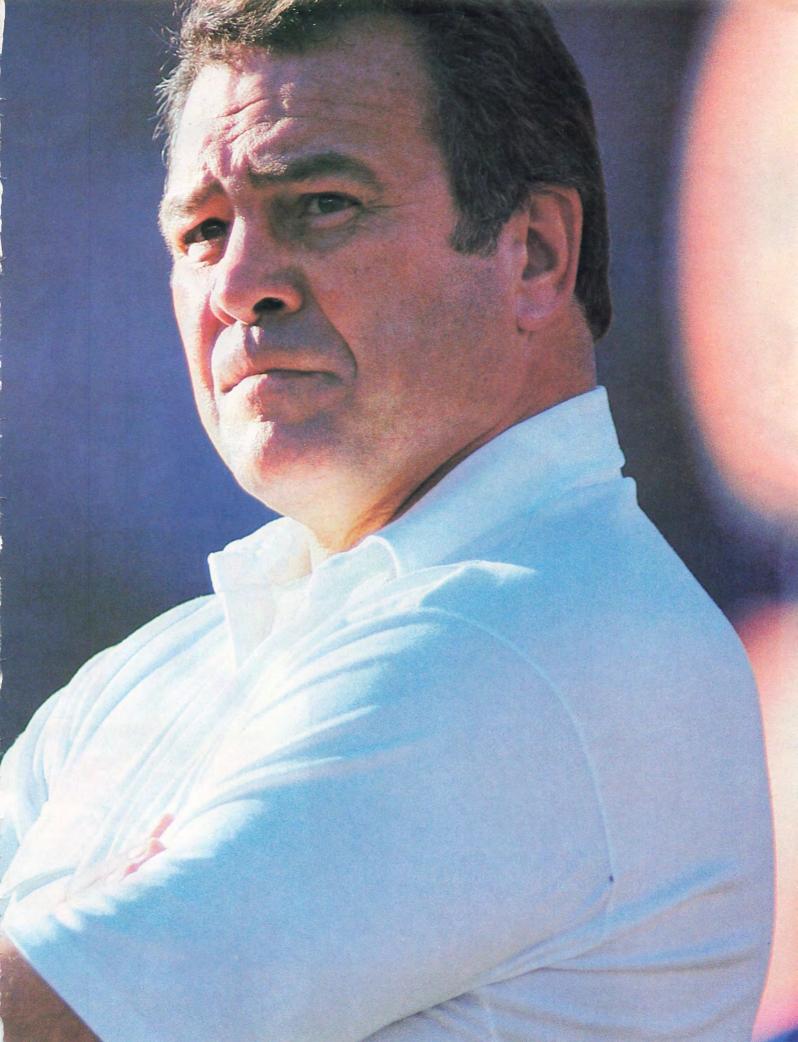
hen angry, count four; When very angry, swear."

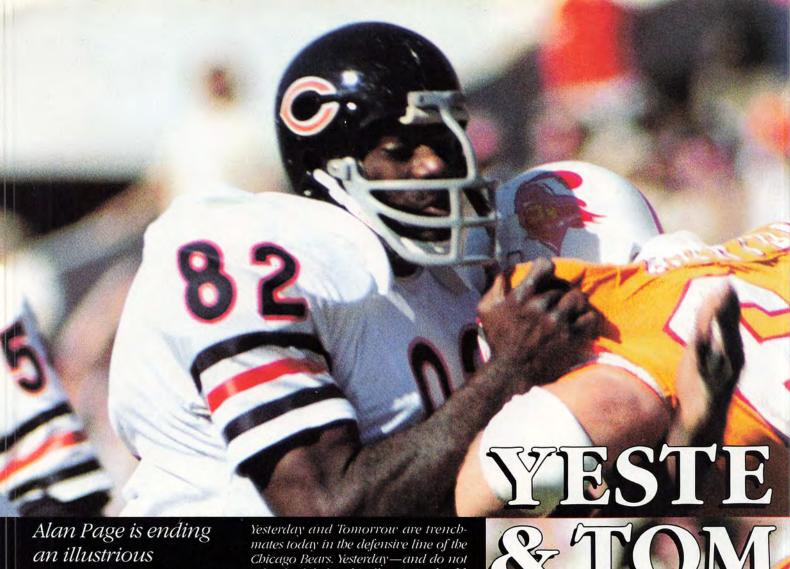
-Mark Twain



∢Dick Vermeil, Philadelphia Eagles ▶Bud Grant, Minnesota Vikings am tired. Everyone's tired of my turmoil."

—Robert Lowell



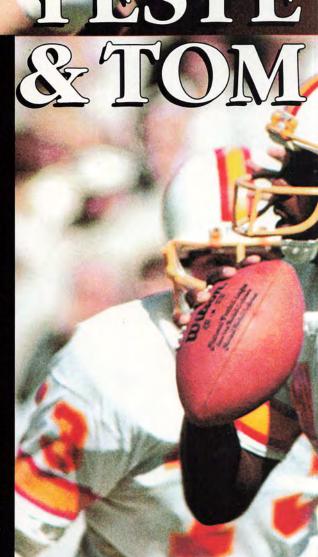


Alan Page is ending an illustrious career. Dan Hampton is starting one. Together they put some teeth into the Chicago Bears' defensive line. By Skip Myslenski

take the label unkindly—is in the fifteenth and final year of a pro football career of true greatness. He and the National Football League were born in the same city, Canton, Obio, and there is an ultimate irony to that coincidence. Five years after be retires be will be eligible for ensbrinement in the Pro Football Hall of Fame in Canton. Tomorrow—and there are those who will tell you that his future is now, as well as then—is in the third year of a pro career of awesome promise. His roots are in Oklahoma and rural Arkansas. Yesterday talks with the confident poise of the attorney that he is. Tomorrow talks with the quiet twang of bis beritage. Yesterday is a defensive tackle. Tomorrow is a defensive end. This is their story.

#### VISIONS OF THE SPECTACULAR

filled Dan Hampton's days this summer. In his first two years as a defensive end for the Chicago Bears, he had performed well enough to make the allrookie team (1979) and the NFC Pro Bowl team (1980), yet now, in the time leading up to the 1981 season, he



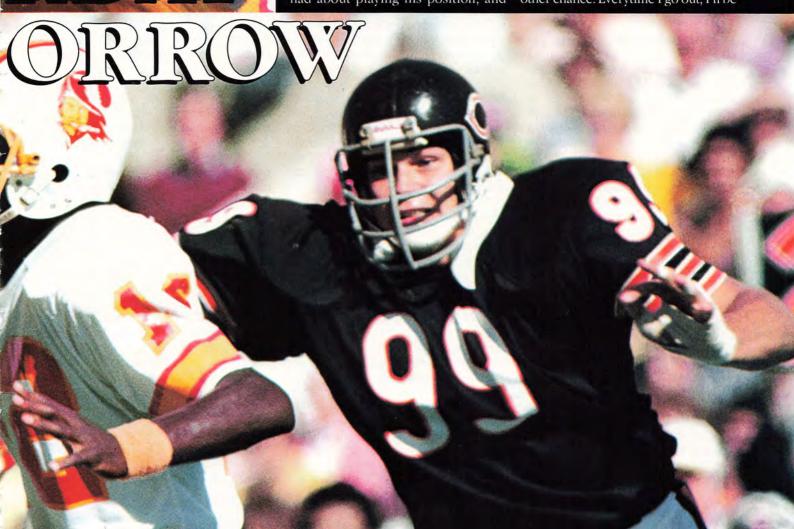


thought of himself doing much more. While he was sitting in his four-wheel drive vehicle, waiting for a light to change, he stared out the window and saw himself wreaking havoc with the Minnesota offense. While he relaxed on a boat and waited for a fish to take his line, he stared out onto Lake Michigan and saw himself catching Earl Campbell from behind. While he sunned on a beach, he closed his eyes and saw himself sacking Doug Williams.

The visions came to him many times during the summer, and he augmented them with memories from his past. He remembered his freshman year at Arkansas, when he hoped to do no more than make the traveling squad, and the days before his sophomore year, when his goal changed and he thought about starting. He remembered his junior year, when he hoped to be named All-Southwest Conference, and the days before his senior year, when his goal was to make the All-America team. He remembered watching Bears teammate Alan Page and adversaries Bubba Baker and Lee Roy Selmon, and then he looked at the films again and saw himself making too many mistakes. He remembered the conversations he had had about playing his position, and then he once more rebuked himself for his attitude, which always has been good. "That's not enough," he says now. He thought about football daily, and he told his wife Terry he couldn't wait for the season to start.

"The last two years I've been busy learning techniques—how to do this, that," says Hampton. "This year, I'm going to improve my attitude, I'm concentrating on attitude. People talk about [Pittsburgh linebacker] Jack Lambert being a physical player. Jack Lambert is *not* that physical, but he is a great player because he wants to be, because he tells himself day in and day out that he's got to do this. He conditions himself to greatness. That's what I'm doing now.

"I'm undergoing a metamorphosis like those I went through in college, where I had new goals each year. This year, I'm looking for any edge. This year I'm coming back and thinking, 'I did this, this, and this wrong.' Now how do I correct this? I'm certainly not going to get bigger or faster, so I have to study harder, prepare myself better, attune myself to go for a whole sixty minutes. I'm going into this season thinking it may be my last time on a field, thinking that I won't ever have another chance. Everytime I go out, I'll be



thinking this is my last game, my last series, my last play. I don't think there's a better way to prepare myself.

"It's not that I ever had a bad attitude, but it's going from 'rah-rah, go team,' to being very positive about myself. Don't be good, be great. Strive to be exceptional. Picture yourself making the great play. Picture yourself making the great tackle. Don't let anyone stop you. There's no reason for the Chicago Bears to fall short this year. There's no reason for me to fall short. If I do, it's my fault. Yeah, I know this sounds like the end of a Knute Rockne movie, but what do we use, ten percent of our brain? If you can condition the rest of your mind to think of positive things, that ten percent you use bas to come along. It's very basic. A lot of people jump off bridges because they can't condition their minds. A lot of people are making money teaching other people how to use their minds. Alan Page...he's a very strong-minded player. Alan Page isn't as strong as me and he can't run as fast as me, but he's probably the greatest defensive tackle to ever play this game. He does it because he has the mental capacity to understand that he's got a job to do, and then to set his mind on doing it. He sets his mind on it, and then he does it."

#### BY THE BEGINNING OF THE 1974

football season, Alan Page had achieved the greatness Dan Hampton now imagines. In his first seven years with the Minnesota Vikings, he had played in two Super Bowls and five Pro Bowls, had been defensive player of the year twice, and had been the only defensive player ever to win the league's most valuable player award (1971). And yet he was a man in need of metamorphosis. He had lost the enthusiasm that had motivated him to early success, and, though he still drove himself to perform always at his best, he was bored, frustrated, and floundering.

He desired a change, but he also could not see himself escaping the trap then ensnaring him. He visualized himself sitting in the Vikings' offices and politely asking to be traded, and then visualized them laughing him away. He visualized himself sitting in the Vikings' offices and venting his feelings, and then visualized the resultant—and inevitable—repercussions. "This is it," he finally thought early in 1974. "I can't cope anymore. I can't take it anymore. I've got to do something. I've got to take my mind and use it."

He was then, as now, an intelligent

"My feeling through all of this...through all my career, was a sense of obligation to people buying tickets."

and intellectually curious man, and the lack of mental stimulation had affected him. Finally he and his wife Diane spent a long Monday night drinking champagne and discussing their plight at a restaurant near their home in Minneapolis. They both were miserable, both felt stifled, and both knew they could not go on this way. Yet the more they spoke, the less they could see a means to flee. They cried in their car as they drove home later, and talked further, all through Tuesday. When Alan Page left for practice on Wednesday morning, he was prepared to take a first step toward a personal transformation.

During his third year with the Vikings, he briefly had attended Billy Mitchell Law School, but at that point in his life, he was not ready for the demands. He had been too busy earning himself security as a professional player. But now, Page picked up the phone in the Vikings' locker room and called a friend who knew the dean of the law school at the University of Minnesota; Page asked the friend to explore his (Page's) possible enrollment, which the friend did. Before the next season began, Page had started working toward the law degree he would receive in 1978. "I had an outlet that was interesting, that was challenging, that forced me to think," he says.

"It didn't take much of my mind to play football, and I didn't necessarily like the people I worked for...or with. I was growing, but slowly. It was force it or grow stagnant, and I didn't like that. One thing athletics does is stagnate you. It stifles growth. It keeps you a child, and most people, myself included, are inclined to take the easy way. Water flows downhill. The thing is, I recognized this early on, but I was floundering around, fighting it, not fully understanding it.

"I was very aware that football wasn't going to be something I would do forever. I had heard many stories of players who had finished their careers and then were lost and forgotten and digging ditches somewhere. Not that digging ditches is bad, but throughout this I had a sense of wanting to make a contribution—whatever that means—and I knew I would have to have some knowledge in some area to make that contribution.

"The longer I was in school, the freer I felt, always trying to maximize whatever value there was in my performance. My feeling through all of this, as it's been through all of my career, was a sense of obligation to people buying tickets, the feeling that if people are paying money, they should get the best product. This went hand in hand with the self that always felt that if I was going to be out there, be the best I can."

## **DANIEL OLIVER HAMPTON, WHO** is on the front edge of a career that promises greatness, grew up in the rusual Adaptate of Cabata area 22

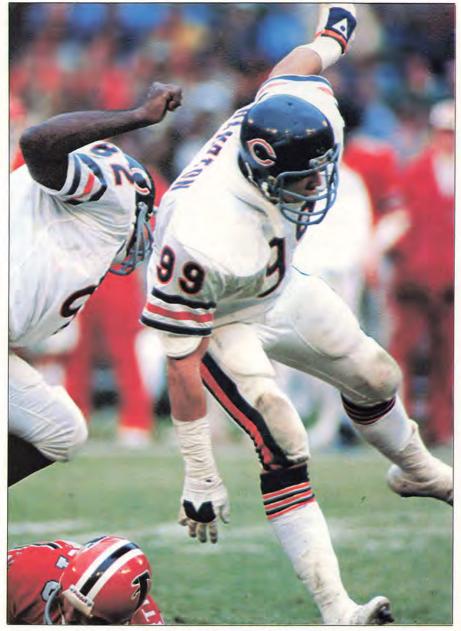
promises greatness, grew up in the rural Arkansas town of Cabot, some 23 miles from Little Rock, some 4½ miles from the junction of routes 5 and 67, some 3 miles down from the gravel pits that mark the corner of route 5 and Chesapeake Road. Robert and Joan Hampton moved there in 1963. They raised three sons on a 42-acre spread, and their youngest grew into an amiable behemoth who eventually would be nicknamed Danimal.

Once, on a warm July day when he was 11 years old, Dan climbed a tree near the edge of his family's land, and carefully crawled out onto a branch. His brother Matthew was nearby, standing on a flatbed truck, and a friend named J.B. Padgett was swinging on a rope connected to the tree, shooting his BB gun up at Dan, who began to cut the rope, hoping to end the target practice. Suddenly he lost his balance and fell 45 feet to the ground, breaking both legs and an arm. "He just fell from up there!" Padgett screamed at Matthew, who at that moment was busy cleaning his glasses.

"No, he didn't," Matthew said. He looked down at his brother. "C'mon! Get up, Dan!"

"I was just glad to be alive," Dan says.
"I figured right then that I wasn't superball. I didn't bounce too good. My checks bounce better than I did."

He was confined to a wheelchair for the next six months, and the football career that was and would be suddenly was suspended. He already was larger than his peers and already had starred for a youth team called the Bobwhites. "I had been the biggest and fastest thing on the field," he says. "I was a hoss, a fifth grade version of Earl Campbell." But after the accident his attention turned to music. He learned to



Here comes trouble as Hampton and Page (left) make their charge.

play the guitar, and he formed a band called Sanctuary. Dan's band performed at local parties, sometimes for free, sometimes for pay ("playing was the thing, not the money"). He did not resume athletics for a full year, but in the summer before eighth grade, he joined his junior high team for two-aday practices. After three sessions, he came home distressed. "It hurts too much," he told his parents.

He also learned to play the alto sax, and he joined the school band. He filled his leisure time with a unique kind of rambunctiousness. One afternoon he and his friends inflated an inner tube from a tractor tire, wrapped it in foil, added an oscillator and blinking lights ("so it sounded like *Star Trek*—wo-o-o, wo-o-o, wo-o-o"), secured it

to a tripod, and then took their creation to the top of the hill that overlooked a community gathering spot. They had friends planted at the recreation center that night. As soon as it got dark, the friends acted startled, pointed out a window, and exclaimed, "What's that?"

The place immediately emptied and the startled group stared up in amazement. But then Lon, who managed the recreation center, staggered out, took one look, and said, "Oh, it's nothing. It's just the Hampton boy on his motorcycle."

Late on another evening, Lon stumbled into the recreation center's parking lot and spotted a dynamite box wrapped tightly with tape. A motorcycle battery also was bulging from the box's side. It soon was surrounded by four police cars, a fire truck, and members of the bomb squad, who refused to touch it for more than four hours. The next morning Dan Hampton went to pick up eggs from a friend, and the friend said, "I hear you were at Lon's last night."

"Naw," Dan said innocently. "Why you asking?"

"My dad heard on the radio that the police found a box there with two sticks of dynamite in it," the friend said. "They said a faulty clock saved everyone."

"We knew better," Hampton says now with a laugh. "That box was filled with TGNY [a local store] circulars. We just wanted to scare old Lon."

Dan and his friends scared more than a few people who drove the country roads at night. The group would watch for cars from around a bend, lay a strip of gasoline across the highway, ignite it, then hide in the bushes as the motorists rounded the corner and screeched to a halt in front of a five-foot wall of flame that suddenly confronted them. Other drivers often were startled by a flaming motorcycle and body, all of it a massive conflagration lying along the road's apron. Once, when Dan and Phillip Conway produced this ruse, Conway's mother jumped out of the car that had stopped, raced to the body and picked it up. When she realized it was a dummy, she threw it to the ground and yelled, "Phillip, get out here! I know you're there!"

After Robert Hampton died of cancer in 1971, Joan Hampton—whom her son sometimes calls Head Bear—raised her children alone, supporting both them and herself by working six days a week as manager of a liquor store 35 miles from home. "Those Hampton kids," people would say, shaking their heads. "They're going to be wild without a father."

"But we kept our noses straight," Dan says. "We all turned out well, and that's a tribute to my mother.

"When my father died, I learned that nothing was for certain," Dan says. "I learned that nothing is as it seems. I realized then that this is a day-to-day deal, and you better do the best you can with that day."

Hampton's attentions returned to football before his junior year in high school. "The coach kept trying to get me out," he says, "and after a time I figured he was as serious as a cat in a sandbox, so I'd better do it." Hampton spent the past summer getting his body in shape. This time he was willing to

endure the demands of the game.

Eventually Hampton blossomed into a high school All-America; was recruited by the University of Arkansas (among others); grew into a 6-foot 5-inch, 256-pound menace who lifted weights three hours a day, six days a week; was named a college All-America; and, in May, 1979 became the Bears' first—and the day's fourth—selection in the NFL college draft.

"Dan told me last year that if he was good enough—if he was good enough—he could play pro ball and then I wouldn't have to work anymore," Joan Hampton said a week after Dan was drafted. "Now he's relented. He says I can work two days, three at most, cuz he knows I'd hate to sit around and live off him. But he told me to never sell the house. Never sell the house."

"Why should me playing professional football change what we already have?" Dan Hampton says.

ALAN CEDRIC PAGE, WHO IS IN the final year of a career of greatness, grew up in Canton, a blue collar mill town some 60 miles from downtown Cleveland and the site of the Pro Football Hall of Fame. As a child he knew, of course, of the Browns and the area's legendary football high schools (Canton McKinley and Massillon), yet he followed no sport and played no games, playing the Sousaphone instead in his school band when in the sixth, seventh and eighth grades. "A big person carrying a big instrument," he says now with a laugh.

Alan's father owned a bar, and his mother (who died when he was 14) worked as an attendant at a country club. They both stressed the virtues of education and ultimate effort, preachments that have affected their younger son's life through all of his 36 years. "I grew up with the sense that if you're going to do something in life, do your best," Alan says. "When I was growing up, I didn't know what I wanted to be, what I would do, but I do remember being told if you're going to be a garbage man, be the best garbage man you can be. That stuck. If it's important to you and you want to be successful, there is only one person you can look at as being responsible for success or failure. That's you.

"If you're as good as you can be at it, you are likely to be successful. But even if you're not successful, you won't have to look at yourself and say you weren't because you didn't make the effort. If you give it your best shot and you're



"...I do remember being told, 'If you're going to be a garbage man, be the best garbage man you can be.'"

not successful, at least you rationally can say, 'Well, I'm not good enough.'"

Page worked conscientiously through his early school years, earning good grades with ease. He thought then about a career as a lawver for the first time. He saw himself as rich, successful, and-most importantly -spared the drudgery of the mill, where an uncle had toiled for 37 years. "It's physically very hard work," he says, "and, though I didn't understand it at the time, it also can be mentally maddening. Once you've learned how to turn a screw, how many ways can you do it and keep your mind stimulated? I would have been a basket case." Page's attentions didn't turn to football until he entered the ninth grade, and he considered the game then only because his older brother had played it and liked it. Alan was successful immediately, which generated more of his interest. Eventually, he became a high school All-America, then an All-America at Notre Dame, where he starred as a defensive end for that school's 1966 national champions. "One thing leads to another," he says, "and then you're into it. My guess is I liked success before I liked football. I'm not sure. But I think people respond to positive reinforcement, and that's what I got."

The next spring he was a first-round draft choice of the Minnesota Vikings. On August 4, 1967 he played in the College All-Star Game, where he learned a lesson that helped shape his future. In that game he went up against the Green Bay Packers and an offensive line led by

Jerry Kramer, Fuzzy Thurston, Forrest Gregg, and Bob Skoronski. After a night's work, Page realized the futility of trying to physically manhandle opponents. They simply were getting in his way, he now remembers, so he decided to "stop dinging around with them and get by them. Getting by them was certainly better than dancing with them."

Page carried this philosophy with him into the Vikings' training camp, where he was tried at defensive end before he was switched to tackle. He went around opponents rather than butting heads, and he used speed and finesse and instinct rather than strength and brute force. He became a star, a man who revolutionized the way his position was played. "I think it [that idea] is bizarre," he says now. "Just from the standpoint that anything I do, anyone can do if he has basic football skills.

"I think what I have done really has been more mental than physical. As far as everyone is concerned, if you're watching a football game and just following the ball, people say you should watch other stuff. But the bottom line is where the ball starts out and where the ball ends up. You can't be a student of the game if you just watch the ball ... but the bottom line is getting to it before it's advanced too much. That's not physical. That's mental."

Page transformed this simple concept into a career colored by achievment, highlighted by the extraordinary, and framed always by ways that eventually earned him the reputation of an iconoclast. His performance on the field certainly was different from the norm. As the years passed, he also manifested himself as an outspoken supporter of the Players' Association, as a denigrator of his game's shibboleths, and—always—as an individual in an activity that often demands conformity.

Page survived his crises, however. When he reported to Vikings camp in 1978, he was coming off a season in which he had been Minnesota's undisputed leader in every defensive statistical category except one (he had tied for the lead in that one). In his 11 years with the Vikings, he had won numerous awards; had played in eight Pro Bowls and four Super Bowls; had been All-NFL/NFC nine times; and had never missed a game. Later, he would be named (with Joe Greene) as one of the defensive tackles on the all-decade team of the seventies. Yet later, in the club's first meeting of the preseason, he heard his new defensive coach say, "We've got this new philosophy. We've got this new system."

"If, what they're saying is what they want me to do," he muttered to a teammate as he left the meeting, "then I may never make another tackle on this team."

The new defensive coach was Bob Holloway, who had held the same position in 1967 and then had allowed Page to go his own way. Holloway was preaching a philosophy of muscle in 1978, but Page had begun jogging a year earlier and had pared his weight from 250 pounds to 220. As the season progressed, the incompatibility of man and system grew obvious. The Vikings first tried to trade Page. After the season's sixth game, they simply waived him. He learned of his release on the telephone (Bud Grant called him at 6:37 P.M. October 10, he remembers) and his personal property from the Minnesota locker room was returned to him by parcel post. A day later he was claimed by the Bears. Four days after that, he was in their starting lineup. He cost Chicago \$100.

"No player ever contributed more to the Vikings," Grant said. "Nothing can tarnish his contributions. But Alan no longer can meet the standard he set for himself. He just can't make the plays anymore."

"I was catching a lot of heat for the poor performance of the team, and there were times early in that season when I thought, 'Who needs this?'" Page says. "But before I could act on that feeling, I was canned."

How did he react to being fired?

"There were twenty-four hours when I was basically unemployed, but what hurt was the way it happened," he says. "Because I had options, the reality of what happened never really set in. I never said, 'My God, what am I going to do now? Where am I going to play football next?' My view was, 'This is it.' Given my reputation and my involvement with the Players' Association over the years, I figured there was no way anyone would pick me up.

"If the firing did anything for Diane and me, it increased our sense of survival, the idea that we make our own destiny, so to speak. We have the ability to survive, or at least we think we do."

#### DRESSED ONLY IN CUTOFFS THAT

once were part of an Arkansas football uniform, Dan Hampton is lounging on a lawn chair in his backyard. He has just returned from the Bears' training headquarters in the Chicago suburb of Lake



He talks of Yoda, the mystic gremlin from The Empire Strikes Back... "Do or do not. There is no 'try.'"

Forest, and, as he drove down that area's tree-shaded roads, he had wondered about the practicality of the 20-bedroom mansions he was passing.

His own home is modest in comparison, yet it is bright and airy, recalling a summer house that might have been used by the rich in an F. Scott Fitzgerald novel. Terry Hampton, an Arkansas lady, comes out with two bottles of beer, and she and Dan begin kidding about adapting to their adopted home. Terry laughs about the penny loafers and the topsiders and the Izod and button down shirts that she has bought for Dan but that he rarely wears. "This is the lady who spent forty-five bucks for Calvin Klein jeans," Dan says.

"For your sister's wedding," Terry shoots back with a smile.

"For you!"

"Talk to Mr. Finks [Jim Finks, Bears general manager] and we can get all the alligators [the symbol on Izod shirts] we want."

"A hell of an attitude," Dan says.

"But positive," Terry says with a laugh, then returns to the house.

"It's tough being a southern boy in the North," Dan says. "If they don't come down on you for the way you talk, it's for the way you dress. You must wear Gucci or Izod—this is *serious* Izod country out here. Us coming here is like you going to Paris. My ideal culture is the Greek culture, where all the athlete had to do was train. I'm pretty much living that way now. I can't believe that someday I'll have to grow up and be a real person."

Hampton already is as real as they come, a man intent on living a life of existence rather than essence. He puts on his watch first thing each morning and it remains there until he is ready for bed that night; he is conscious of every moment. He has lived with this urgency since his father's death.

He has undergone the inevitable changes that occur as one grows deeper into a new profession. He is more comfortable with his team and its complex defensive system, with his teammates and the expectations many have for him. He has been nurtured by the ministrations of his defensive coach, Buddy Ryan. He has been educated by the lessons of simple observations. Now, beginning his third season, he is a 23-year-old manchild looking into himself and seeing what he can find.

He talks of Yoda, the mystic gremlin from *The Empire Strikes Back*, and the message that master of The Force preached to Luke Skywalker: "Do or do not. There is no 'try.'"

"Once you say try, you're conditioning your mind to failure," Hampton says. "Try is an if word." His bare and broad chest is turned toward the afternoon sun, and his beer is resting at his feet. "It's a very basic illustration, but it's so true. If, in football, you say you'll do it, you'll do it. You've got to tell your mind you can do it. I've watched myself on film, especially people trying to block me. I fail to remember people blocking me and there I am throwing them around. I think, 'How did I do that?' It's like I programmed myself for a destination and I wasn't worried about what was between me and the quarterback. The great rushers I've talked to don't even think of the tackle across from them. The tackle is just a trivial item in their way. It's like karate. You're not thinking about the brick... your mind's way beyond that. You're going to the quarterback and you're going to get there.

"It's almost as if I'm possessed to do the best I can. I came up to football and did all right, but I still have a long way to go. I'm basically trying to do a lot better—in football, in life, in being around people. In football, I'm checking my limits. I want to see where those limits are. I can be a lot better today than I was yesterday, and I can be a lot better tomorrow than I am today. You can fake out fans, your coach, your wife, your mom and dad, but you can't fake out yourself. They say runners search for the perfect race. I search for

perfect exhaustion.

"You have to play at that edge. You almost have to give yourself up, give up your total composure. There's a fine line between reality and unreality, but when you wake up the morning after a game and barely are able to walk down the stairs...well, I know my body can only take so much. I hear of athletes who can't walk at thirty-five and I know someday I might be in that same basket. But I love the game. I'll take that chance. I won't say I'd play for free, but it means so much to me. I haven't found a challenge like it anyplace in the world."

#### ON A SATURDAY AFTERNOON,

Alan and Diane Page are attending a wedding reception in Minneapolis for a pair of newly married runners. Earlier in the morning, Alan and Diane competed in a 10-kilometer race (both achieving personal bests), and now, at a table filled with runners, the talk is not of football, but of the dangers of deer flies to runners and the joys of favorite running courses. Diane drinks beer, Alan drinks champagne, and both eat a healthy meal centered on salad.

When the dancing starts, they excuse themselves politely, then drive to the rambling home they helped design for their family of six. Page disappears upstairs to change into more comfortable clothes. Moments later, he settles himself on a couch in the living room, which is dominated by a ficus, a shefflera, a palm, some evergreens, and other plants. Above the fireplace is an Andy Warhol silkscreen of Mao Tse-Tung, and above the dining room table is a Warhol silkscreen of Marilyn Monroe. Until a recent housecleaning signaled its demise, a poignant comment on the human condition hung on the kitchen's bulletin board: "Life is a comedy for those who think, a tragedy for those who feel."

Through all of his life Alan Page has done both, and, during a conversation, he alternately smiles and looks serious. He is on the verge of temporarily abandoning for the last time his offseason employment at the Minneapolis law firm of Lindquist & Vennum, where he has spent the spring and summer working on arbitration cases. He is starting his fifteenth and final season as a professional football player. In the last decade and a half, he has grown from a young enthusiast searching and working for success into a hardened capitalist trying to maximize the benefits of success. He has changed from a man just doing his job into a man who Finks: "One thing I have learned is that whatever Alan Page tells you he is going to do, he will do. That's refreshing...."

has found contentment in later life. His playing experiences in Chicago helped resuscitate him. When he left Minnesota, he had the reputation of being a recalcitrant; since he has been in Chicago, he has had the well-deserved reputation of being most co-operative. "God forbid that I say it, but I was reborn again from a football standpoint," he says.

With the Bears, he has been reunited with coach Neill Armstrong and defensive coordinator Buddy Ryan, the two men he worked under when they all were together with the Vikings. Armstrong and Ryan have allowed him to prepare as he pleases. For one thing, Page rarely watches films of other teams; he watches only himself. He turned 36 in August, but Page still can chase a ball carrier down from behind, still can shed a guard with the greatest of ease, and still can present the surreal, making the improbable play possible. "There are many, many times when things become very clear," he says. "It's as if you can step outside the situation and know precisely what's going to happen, what needs to be done, and know not how you're going to do it, but that you will do it." He is a man who set immutable standards for himself in football. Now, as he nears the end, he still strives to meet them with the same alacrity he always has displayed. "One thing I have learned is that whatever Alan Page tells you he is going to do, he will do," Jim Finks says. "That's refreshing in this business."

"I'm very happy with that [Finks's words]," Page says. "I try to live my life with the belief that if you have something to do, decide whether you want to do it or whether you don't want to do it. If you don't want to do it, that's the end of it. If you do want to do it, then decide how bad you want to do it, how much you want to put into it, then put everything you have into doing it at the level you've chosen. Once you come to grips with how bad you want to do it and verbalize it, then you're committed."

How would he like to be remembered?

Page laughs because this is a question he has heard and most certainly will hear again as his career comes to a close. He takes a sip from a glass of ice water. "Would I like to be remembered"—and again he laughs loudly --- "and, if I am, how?" he says. He leans back in the couch and turns solemn. "I don't know if I have an answer for that, I don't know if I could express it," he finally says. "When I said would I like to be remembered, I was in a sense being facetious, but in another sense I don't necessarily want to be remembered. When it's all over and done —and this is very selfish, really—the bottom line is, the whole thing has been for me. It hasn't been for anybody else, so to speak from my perspective, I know what I've done.

"Obviously, others were involved, others witnessed my performances, but all that is somewhat akin to reading the paper the day after a game or going into a meeting and having a coach analyze the game I played. That's an exercise we all go through, but I know what I've done better than anyone else. I also know what I haven't done better than anyone. Someone else's view of what I have done may be different from my view, but ultimately I have to live with my own. In a strange sense"—he smiles softly—"it would be fun to be remembered and talked about. But, really, if I'm forgotten, that would be

"Now, having said all that...in a kind of intellectual sense... I suppose I'd like people to remember I did the best I could. Whether that was good enough or bad enough, I am indifferent to. I'd like them to remember I always gave it my best effort."

Is he an idealist?

"Yes, I'd say so," he says and then he stops.

Define idealist.

He roars with laughter, and then he smiles and says, "I didn't think I'd get off that easily." He pauses, thinks for long moments, and finally says, "An idealist is one who believes this life we have can be better. He believes we can improve it, change it, get to a better world, make the human condition better. That's the optimist in me, though the pessimist in me says that's bull. But I like to think the optimistic side in me is stronger.

"We can make it a better place and if we work at it, we will make it a better place. The optimist says we can make it better, but wonders how. The idealist says let's work at it and we will."

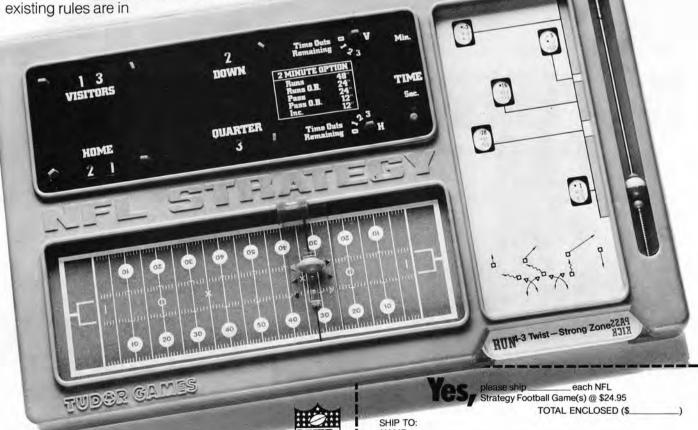
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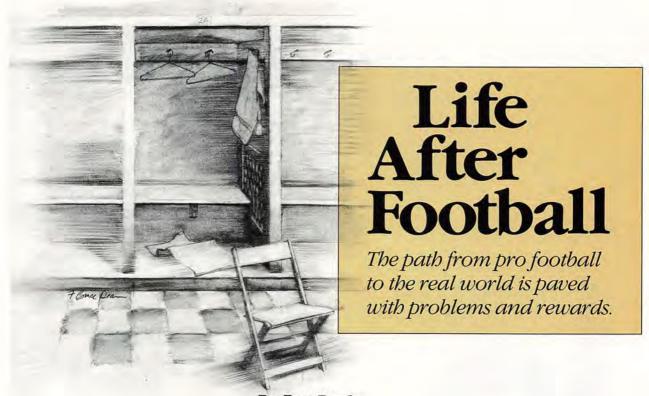
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## VOLKSWAGEN DOES IT AGAIN





By Ray Buck

ndy Russell never wanted to play professional football in the first place. He had to be talked into it. But then he couldn't turn it loose. He played a dozen years for the Pittsburgh Steelers and never missed a game, retiring in 1976, but not before trying two or three times without success. Conclusion: Pro football is harder to bury than the family dog.

Bob Trumpy called it quits after the 1977 season with the Cincinnati Bengals. He was ready to begin a new full-time career in radio and television sportscasting, so he said goodby with resonance in his voice and a smile on his face. Three years later, Trumpy walked into the winning locker room of the Super Bowl XV champion Oakland Raiders and felt a "twinge" in his stomach. He missed being on the inside of a sweaty uniform, looking out.

Eddie Hinton played six seasons at wide receiver in the NFL, mostly with Baltimore, and came out of the pros with a Super Bowl V ring. His post-football adjustment was not easy. He didn't just slip into a new career, first selling insurance, then corrugated boxes. Finally, he hit upon an idea to be his own boss, washing airplanes, and it is paying off. "An athletic career puts you on a pedestal," Hinton says. "The real world isn't that way."

Dwight White played 10 years for the Pittsburgh Steelers until his retirement last winter. He pooh-poohs the whole idea of adjustment—physical, emotional, or financial—and celebrated instead the first chance in 19 years to celebrate his birthday July 30 without breaking training rules.

Mike Wagner, who also retired after the 1980 season with the Steelers, has discovered an "outside" world without rules, regimentation, and reinforcement. That, he says, takes some acclimating. The business world does not print standings every Monday morning to let you know how you're doing.

Bob Johnson was the Neil Armstrong of the Cincinnati Bengals. He was first. In 1968, Paul Brown drafted a center in the first round. He didn't have to worry about that position until Johnson's retirement 11 years later. "At times," says Johnson, "I think to myself, 'Gosh, I haven't been in a locker room in a long time.' I know that sounds stupid but it's true. There are three categories of people who spend time around a football team: Coaches, players, and outsiders." Johnson has had to adjust to being the latter.

Oscar Reed, who played in three Super Bowls for the Minnesota Vikings from 1968-74, is "just now getting to the point where I'm comfortable with who I am and what I'm doing." He works with socially disadvantaged youths in Minneapolis.

Russell, Trumpy, Hinton, White, Johnson, Wagner, and Reed all are outsiders, dropped from the womb of pro football and embarked on their second careers. Each has found life after football a world without guarantees and promises.

"You don't have forty-four other guys hoping you do well," says Trumpy. "You don't have forty-four other guys hoping you give a hundred and ten percent and play like an all-pro. They don't want you to be all-pro in the business world. They just want you to do above average, so they can do above average. It's a rude awakening."

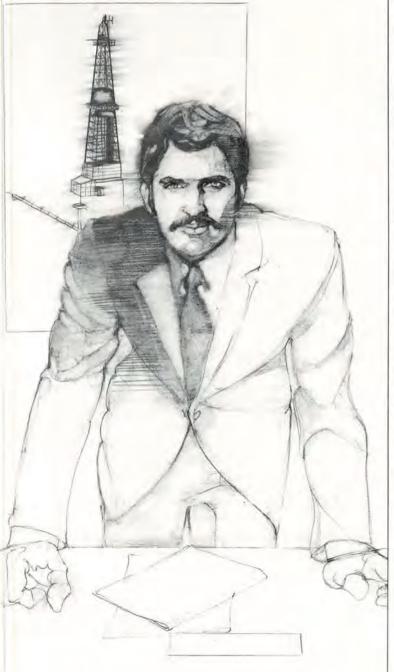
The following are true confessions by seven alumni of the NFL:

## ANDY RUSSELL, PITTSBURGH STEELERS, 1963, 1966-76

ndy Russell's 12-year career with the Steelers spanned from Buddy Parker to Chuck Noll, from John Henry Johnson to Franco Harris, from Ernie Stautner to Joe Greene, from NFL doormats to Super Bowl champions. He played for four different coaches, but now he answers only to himself, Russell Investments of Pittsburgh. Russell was a sixteenth-round draft choice from Missouri in 1963 who served as an Army lieutenant in Germany for two years, then came back to the National Football

"When you retire, you have to put it behind you. I know I can replace football with a thirty mile hike through the Grand Canyon. But I miss the camaraderie of football."

—Andy Russell



League and regained his position with the Steelers.

Russell was one of the most cerebral linebackers ever to play the game. He had the distinction of looking like Rhett Butler and thinking like Jean-Paul Sartre. "I had to play with my head," he explains, "because I wasn't one of the big stallions." Russell played at 220. He runs Russell Investments at a trim 200. The 39-year-old former Steeler actually is involved in two companies — Russell Investments, which syndicates oil and gas drilling programs, and Russell, Ray and Zappala, Inc., an investment banking firm that manages underwriting syndicates.

"I had been doing the same thing ten years before I retired," he says. "So retirement wasn't traumatic from a business sense. Financially? There wasn't any adjustment. Emotionally? That was fairly easy because I never lost my identity. I always perceived myself as an athlete-businessman. So when I left football for business, it seemed like a logical step.

"I really loved what I was doing," he says. "But when we came back in 1976 and tried to win that third Super Bowl berth, and didn't do it, I was ready to retire. I wanted new challenges. The business part of my life became more demanding. I knew I could make the money, but then I had to decide how to replace the physical void left by football."

Russell and former Steeler teammate Ray Mansfield (1964-76) became recreational partners. "Ray and I have had as much physical exercise as we ever had in football," says Russell. "We've backpacked through the Himalayas and participated in nonstop canoe races through the wilds of Canada, a hundred sixty-five miles over forty lakes, just you and your partner, no other boats, sixty-three hours and forty-seven minutes. You haven't known excitement until you shoot a rapids in the dark.

"We've made retirement as painless as possible. We attend a few Steelers games every year, but we're not what you would describe as great fans. When you retire, you have to put it behind you. I know I can replace football with a thirty-mile hike through the Grand Canyon. But I miss the camaraderie of football. I miss the whole experience. I liked the feeling you had after a big game—win or lose—totally spent, totally laid back, without an ounce of animosity left in your body.

"There are times, when you're first out of football, when you go to the games and feel a little weird. But most guys can adjust. As a rule, pro football alumni are pretty sharp. It would be a shame if a guy were so nearsighted to think that he doesn't have another life to consider. Football should be a steppingstone, a tremendous steppingstone.

"I strongly recommend all young players work in the offseason, to find a job and work at it as hard and as diligently as they do football. Take it every bit as seriously. They may not find what they want right off the bat, but that's all part of their education. Go out and meet the non-athletic world. I don't think the initial amount of money is that critical.

"In fact, pro football players can take a few more chances because they get an annual salary over twelve months. If it hadn't been for football, I probably would have gone to work with somebody rather than form my own company. In this sense, NFL players have a tremendous opportunity. Pro football players of the fifties and early sixties didn't have the type of prestige they do now. Guys who wanted to become doctors and lawyers didn't try football. Today's players use pro football to fund their law school or graduate school. I certainly went about it that way. In this respect, pro football has upgraded itself."

### BOB TRUMPY, CINCINNATI BENGALS, 1968-77

ob Trumpy is the only player in NFL history to be drafted out of Beneficial Finance. He was a twelfth-round choice of the expansion Bengals in 1968, played 10 seasons at tight end, and never lost his sense of humor. He can talk, too. In addition to having a successful sports call-in show on WLW radio in Cincinnati, Trumpy is an NBC regular on NFL telecasts. He has adjusted nicely to a life without flea-flickers and crack-back blocks.

"I got lucky," he admits. "Some guys search and search for the right thing. I found my niche while I was still playing football. I've remained so involved with football, going through game preparation similar to when I was a player, that the emotional part hasn't hit me yet. I still look at film, call a lot of people around the league, still see the players, still go into the locker rooms. I get the same pump that I did as a player.

"The first time I missed playing was in the Oakland locker room after the last Super Bowl. I felt a twinge. I sensed the breathlessness of the players. I saw how they didn't want to get out of their uniforms...I remember that feeling. But even though you're right there and have played ten years in the league, you're not really a part of their thing."

Financially, Trumpy began adjusting with virtually the first

spiral he caught as a professional.

"My wife Pat and I never lived beyond our means. If I learned one thing in this game, it was that football is only a springboard to something else. I never expected football to set me up for life. I always worked during the offseason, not as much for the money as to establish myself with people in the business community. I wanted to show them that Bob Trumpy wasn't one of those spoiled, free-loading, gladhanding pro athletes everybody imagines. I wanted them to know that Trumpy didn't expect a fancy office and three days off a week to play golf."

His first offseason job was as assistant buyer for one of the large department stores in Cincinnati. His "other" boss got him the job. "Paul Brown was on the board of directors with the president of the company. I still can remember Paul telling me that the pay wasn't much and it was a lot of hard work. I said, 'Terrific. Sounds like fun.' And I took it."

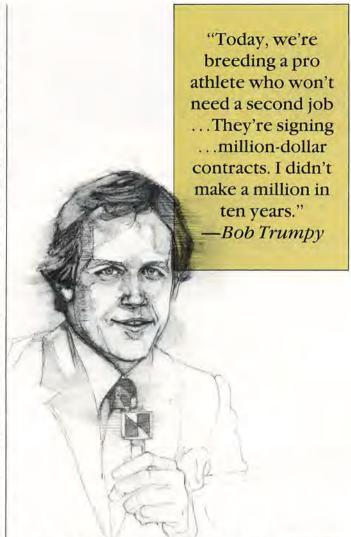
Trumpy also spent winters as a bank teller ("I had the basic intelligence for the job, but I kept bumping the foot alarm.") and advertising salesman for a local radio station.

"I was raised on a farm and was accustomed to a decent amount of work," he says. "I actually was prouder of the checks that I got in the offseason than the ones I got from the Bengals. I knew I could play football."

The financial adjustment can be just as dastardly as either of the others. Carl Eller declared bankruptcy last winter, one year after completing an illustrious 16-year career at defensive end, all but one season with the Minnesota Vikings. Poor investments were blamed. Pro athletes are prime candidates for bath-taking nightmares because, in many cases, their wealth is sudden, their economic backgrounds shallow.

"The investments I made were modest," he says. "I invested only in things I could drive past. Real estate. I was skeptical of people who could do me great favors overnight.

"I was fortunate. I played ten years. I remember when the Bengals drafted me, I was collecting bills in Watts for \$350 a month. The Bengals offered me a contract for \$17,500, plus \$1,500 signing bonus and \$1,000 bonus if I made the team.

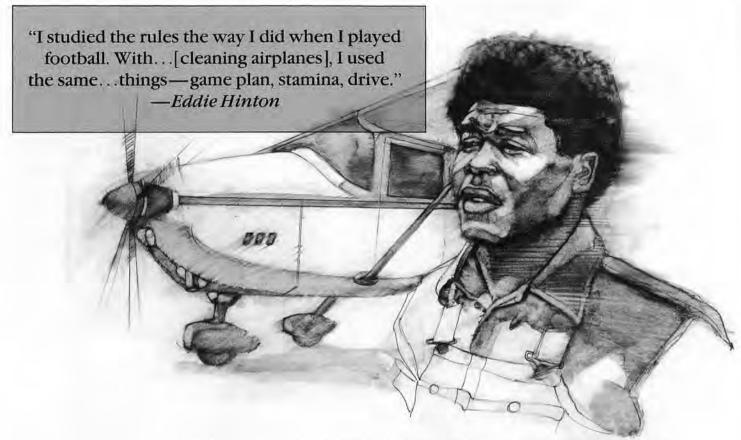


To me, that was a fortune. It might as well have been a million dollars. But as soon as you enter professional sports, you have a tendency to spend every dime you make. When I started out, I bought tickets for all my friends to see me play. I made \$20,000 in 1969 and spent \$3,000 on tickets. All of a sudden it hit me, 'Wait a minute. I can't be an endless supplier of tickets.' That stopped in a hurry.

"Today, we're breeding a professional athlete who won't need a second job. The next generation won't have to worry about making plans for a second career because if he has a teaspoonful of brains, I don't know how he can throw away a million dollars. They're signing literal million-dollar contracts. I didn't make a million in ten years."

The emotional adjustment is perhaps the most frightening of them all. In 1980, while George Brett of the Kansas City Royals was chasing the .400 batting mark and Muhammad Ali was making one last promise that he couldn't keep, something more serious was boiling inside Jim Tyrer, retired tackle of the Kansas City Chiefs. Tragically, Tyrer killed his wife and then himself, apparently because of his failure in business and threatened loss of the affluent lifestyle of his playing days.

"I must tell you," Trumpy admits, "it scared me. I had played with Jim Tyrer in a couple of Pro Bowls. His number was seventy-seven and mine was eighty-four, so we weren't that many lockers apart. I considered him the consummate professional football player, Super Bowl champion, great lineman, absolute pillar of his community. At the time of his



death, I had been out of football three years and he had been out five years. I asked myself, 'Do I have that bridge to cross in two years?' It was a very sobering moment in my life.

"How does something like that happen? I don't know. Maybe there's something to the fact that Jim Tyrer was phased out at Kansas City. He probably thought in his own mind that he could still play. When I retired in 1977, I was ready to quit. I had experienced all the good things there were to experience, except a Super Bowl ring, so my mind was set. Jim Tyrer's tragic death put me in a punk mood. It made me work harder at my job so that in five years [after retirement] I wouldn't have only one road to take.

"Perhaps it helps that I wasn't a superstar. I wasn't used to supermarket signings and pool parties thrown by the local politicians. When you retire and look back to see that they've found somebody else to do the handshaking around the pool, it has to eat at your ego. I just wish I had a magic formula to apply to my friends and former teammates to secure their retirement."

### EDDIE HINTON, BALTIMORE-HOUSTON-NEW ENGLAND, 1969-74

uccess isn't always measured in the quality of alligator hide on your attache case. For some ex-NFL players, there's more to life after football than white collars, expense accounts, and a posh office on the twenty-fourth floor.

Eddie Hinton played wide receiver for six pro seasons, mostly with the Baltimore Colts during the Johnny Unitas-Bert Jones transition period, before he retired in 1974 with all his body parts and a Super Bowl Vring. He tried to find a second career inside an air-conditioned office and he

loathed it. Finally, he found happiness scrubbing airplanes in 100-degree heat, something not unlike two-a-days in late July in training camp. It took him a while to adjust, but he did it.

"I tried selling insurance for a year and a half when I first got out of football," says Hinton, 34, who lives in Houston and operates his own airplane cleaning company. "Then I sold corrugated boxes for two and a half years. I just didn't feel I was using all my potential. I had the attache case, company car, and expense account. I knew I could goof off as long as I filled the bottom line for the company. It was boring. I was used to working out every day. I was getting fat, and I told myself, 'No, no, no, Eddie.' That's when I came up with the idea of washing airplanes."

Hinton owns a \$21,000 mobile unit with a 300-gallon water tank and high-powered generator. He employs a bookkeeper, a secretary, a helper... and himself. Eddie does the actual labor. His prices range from \$40 to clean a single-engine aircraft to \$160 for the works—wash, wax, interior shampoo.

"The sky is the limit," he says. "I have a vision. I can make ten times as much as I ever made playing football."

So, financially, the adjustment hasn't been a problem for the former first-round draft choice (1969) out of the University of Oklahoma.

"It's more of a mental adjustment," Hinton explains. "An athletic career puts you on a pedestal. The real world isn't that way. You try not to believe you're different than anybody else in the world... until you're finished. Then it smacks you in the face. You have no preparation. There is nothing to prepare you for it. It's very difficult to come out of that lifestyle. Some never come out.

"The only way is to realize you have to start over."

Hinton started from scratch cultivating an idea and asking questions until it matured into reality. He didn't arrive there

until he had exhausted all his football background and instincts.

"When you're playing football, you have a coach who tells you what you're *not* doing," he says. "I'm brainwashed into thinking that way. So when I came up with the idea of cleaning airplanes, I found that nobody did it but everybody thought it was a great idea. I was puzzled. If it was so great, why wasn't somebody already doing it? Show me something wrong and then I'll try it. That was my football background."

Finally, somebody pointed out the dangers of harsh detergent ruining a paint job, pressure washers knocking off the finish, and grit or stone getting into the cleaning

solution and scratching a windshield.

"I heard that and I got excited," Hinton says. "I studied the rules the way I did when I played football. I used to learn all I could learn about defensive backs because they were the ones I went against. They were the ones keeping me from making my living. With this [cleaning airplanes], I used the same sort of things—game plan, stamina, drive.

"If I used to wear fifteen to twenty pounds of equipment and work out in the hot sun, why can't I do it now? If it's hot, I know there's no other fool out there washing airplanes. You can wash cars, trucks, sidewalks, parking garages, office buildings, and houses. I happen to be a specialist in the business of cleaning airplanes.

"I'm still in a profession of the elite. After all, who owns their own airplanes? If something bad happens to the economy, they would be among the last to know."

Eddie Hinton has found it. It just took a while.

### DWIGHT WHITE, PITTSBURGH STEELERS, 1971-80

wight White couldn't be happier if he had Brian Sipe in his grasp at the Cleveland goal line. White is a successful broker for Bache in Pittsburgh and enjoying the freedom of no pads, no heavily taped fingers, nobody holding his jersey and getting away with it. White, a defensive end, came to the Steelers as a fourth-round draft choice out of East Texas State and didn't leave until four Super Bowl rings later. He was ready.

"My last four or five years, I knew what I wanted to do beyond ball, and I established that," he says. "Everything worked out fine. I'm doing something I like and I'm still

living in Pittsburgh.

"I can't say there has been any special adjusting on my part. My life is a constant adjustment anyway. I don't plan on planning, that's how I live. I just react to the emotion of the ocean. Since I stopped playing ball, I just have one less thing to think about. People stop me on the street and want to know, 'Have you been through it yet?' or 'Have you cried?' Have I cried?' I tell them that may be your trip but that's not mine. No, I'm not going through any withdrawals."

White doesn't fret about his former teammates making the adjustments physically, emotionally, or financially.

"All I can worry about is Dwight White," he says. "I really never thought there was anything to think about. I never thought, 'Oh, it's time to go through the adjustment period now.' I played football nineteen years. I'm thirty-two. That's more than half my lifetime. You figure there has to be some type of reaction, but sometimes you can think too far ahead of yourself.

"Physically, I've never had a weight problem. I'm probably too vain. Financially, my lifestyle has stayed about the

"Football players aren't immune to such things as depression, drugs, violence, and murder...[We're] no different than bus drivers. We're people."

—Dwight White

same. Actually, as high as the cost of living is, it doesn't really matter. All the money I need goes for the things Dwight likes to do. I've traveled and I like to travel, but I don't know of too many places I'd like to go outside of this country. All people outside of this country aren't as friendly as they used to be toward Americans, or as we were always led to believe, so traveling is out. I'm not into clothes. I dress traditionally, things that will be around awhile, and I've got a car. And when I go to bars, I usually go to the black neighborhoods where ten dollars can get you wiped out. Beer over there costs only seventy-five cents a bottle. You can drink all night and talk to your friends on ten bucks."

The Tyrer tragedy, White believes, is a reminder that football players are people, too.

"It was an unfortunate thing," he says. "Nothing is worth dying over, that's the max. But that could have happened to Jim Tyrer or anyone else. Football players aren't immune to such things as depression, drugs, violence, and murder. In a way, I'm surprised it hasn't happened to more football players. When you consider the percentages, there's probably room for four or five football players a year to flip out. Football players are no different than bus drivers. We're people."

White looks forward to a normal lifestyle and manicured fingernails.

"I can enjoy my birthday again," he says. "Can you imagine celebrating your birthday in some sort of training camp for nineteen years? That's the second week and you've done two-a-days for eight or nine days and you're so sore. It's the little things like my birthday that I'll really enjoy. If you never had a Coca-Cola for nineteen years, you could enjoy the hell out of a Coke."

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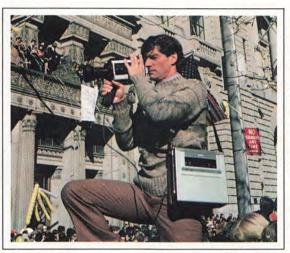
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Break away to a more exciting life. Look for the HR-2200 video cassette recorder and the full line of ultra compact, lightweight color cameras at your nearest JVC dealer.



## MIKE WAGNER, PITTSBURGH STEELERS, 1971-80

ike Wagner's next assignment might be moving a barge shipment of coal from New Orleans to France or Spain, which isn't exactly like going to Cincinnati for a Sunday afternoon football game. The former safety of the Steelers retired last winter and now works for Derby International, a trading company that markets raw materials worldwide. Wagner's travel is extensive. He still resides in Pittsburgh, but he is on the road more now than during the days with the Steelers. He secured the job in 1979 and kept his cleats in the door until he was ready to move into a full-time position last January.

"I knew the day would come when I would no longer play professional football," the 32-year-old graduate of Western Illinois says. "There's a certain amount of insecurity from year to year in football. You wonder about injuries. How will your body respond? Are you still good enough? There's just a lot to think about."

Injuries had as much to do with his decision to retire as anything else. Wagner suffered a serious neck injury in 1978 and underwent hip surgery in 1979, giving him the notion to find a job that didn't involve tackling Earl Campbell in the open field anymore. He originally had figured to play until he was 34.

"You feel kind of left out when you quit," says Wagner, "especially in Pittsburgh, where the public has become so fond of us. It's hard not to have feelings about retiring. I've been out of football less than a year, but it probably would take me eight months to get back into shape. My weight hasn't changed much but I'm soft. I'll bet I haven't run thirty or forty yards since December.

"But I also really enjoy being a non-athlete. It sounds kind of funny but I feel more normal. Athletes always are seeing how far they can push themselves physically. Now I'm doing more what my neighbors are doing. I've actually had time to work on my golf game. That's been nice. I'll get my first summer vacation since high school."

Unlike White, Wagner envisions some of his teammates having difficult times adjusting to life after football.

"I don't want to sound as if I'm so much smarter than anybody else but I prepared for this [retirement]," Wagner says. "I'm really concerned and worried about some of my former teammates. Some of them prepared, others didn't. When you play so long with the same group of guys, you develop feelings for everybody. I just hope everybody is as successful after football as they were with the Pittsburgh Steelers."

The adjustments, Wagner has found, have been both financial and emotional.

"My wife and I started to cut back a couple of years ago in anticipation of this," he says. "We didn't want to dig into our savings, so we began thinking twice about social entertaining. It's easy to go out to dinner twice a week when you're making good money and playing football. But we realized we had to be careful about what kind of car we drove, vacations we took, and gifts we bought.

"One of the toughest things about starting another career is that football provided immediate reinforcement for you. Good or bad, we always knew how we were doing. Coaches would tell you all the time or else you would read statistics and standings. You don't always know how you stand in other jobs. It's like when your wife doesn't say she loves you.

## "...football provided immediate reinforcement for you." —Mike Wagner



Maybe you're supposed to know that she does, but you still like to hear it. It can eat away at a person's psyche. You simply have to learn how to find more subtle signs of reinforcement."

### BOB JOHNSON, CINCINNATI BENGALS, 1968-79

ob Johnson always was a company man. He retired after the 1978 season but he answered the Bengals' S.O.S. cry in 1979 when young center Blair Bush was sidelined with an injury. Johnson came back and played the last six games, then retired permanently. He recently was promoted to president of Imperial Adhesives, a satellite company of U.S. Shoe.

"I started working for Imperial Adhesives my second year of football, so it was relatively easy to quit," the former University of Tennessee star says. "In fact, it got so I was more involved with the business my last two or three years than I was with football. I admit, it would be a bit tough to quit cold turkey and walk away from an environment that you've known since you were a little kid, unless you go into broadcasting or something like that."

Jim Tyrer's inability to cope with non-football paychecks in a non-football world affected Johnson significantly. Could it happen to a former teammate, a friend, or even himself?

"Yes, sir, you think about that," Johnson says. "It's a distinct possibility. The average salary of a player with six or seven years of experience is \$50,000 to \$80,000. You don't become independently wealthy on that, especially if you're accustomed to spending money on Cadillacs and eating in the best restaurants. What happens if you get hurt and have to quit the game?

"Jim Tyrer's death made me incredibly sad. He was one of my heroes. Kansas City won the Super Bowl [IV] my rookie year, and I had dressed next to him at the College All-Star Game. I remember walking out on the practice field and hearing Hank Stram say, 'Okay, we start out by running a mile. That's six times around the field. Lead 'em, Jim.' Tyrer probably weighed 275 pounds. He had a huge upper body and small legs. He took off like a deer and cruised that mile as if it were nothing. I was just out of college and it was all I could do to keep up. Obviously, I was impressed.

"Pro football players are highly motivated people, but at



"When things go wrong in football, you get out a lot of your frustration by hitting somebody.

You can't do that in business."

—Bob Johnson

least half of them aren't going to get jobs that will earn them \$50,000 a year when they're done playing. The key is not to become accustomed to what you make. Spend your money wisely on a car, a house, and solid investments. What got me by was just working in the offseason."

Johnson has lost 50 pounds since his retirement. He weighs 210 and wouldn't want to block Curley Culp now.

"When things go wrong in football, you get out a lot of your frustration by hitting somebody," Johnson says. "You can't do that in business so, probably twice a day, I walk through our plant to calm down. Pretty soon, people say 'hi' and smile, and I smile back and return to my office. But there is something to be said about good old physical release. After football practice, I'd always go home feeling like a nice little bowl of warm pudding."

### OSCAR REED, MINNESOTA VIKINGS, 1968-74 ATLANTA FALCONS, 1975

'm not going to walk around telling people I've got a lot of money and I've been a great success," says Oscar Reed, who played in three Super Bowls as a running back for the Minnesota Vikings from 1968-74. "It hasn't been a cakewalk."

Working with the youths and adults in the Glendale housing project in Minneapolis, Reed *bas* been a great success. Since last summer, when the Minneapolis Community Development Agency hired Reed as recreation coordinator for the Care and Share House, crime in the neighborhood has dropped significantly and effective recreational, educational, and vocational training programs have been developed.

"In the inner-city area, kids are forgotten," Reed says. "People see the problem, but they ignore it and think it will go away."

The same could be said for pro football players when they retire. They often are forgotten, and they have problems adjusting, but "they want to maintain the same level and atmosphere that they had in football, and they won't admit they're having problems," Reed says.

"Professional football is a fantasy," he says. "Everything is done for you, and that goes back practically all the way to junior high for a lot of players. They've never had to do anything but play ball. Plane reservations, planning meals... that's all taken care of. If you haven't been working in the real world while you're playing, you can be very misinformed about a lot of things."

Reed and his wife operated a clothing business while he was a Viking. But shortly after he finished his career, they were divorced (she now lives in Memphis, Tennessee, with their four children), and sold the business. For the next few years, Reed, who has a degree in industrial arts from Colorado, worked as a carpenter.

"When I first retired, I looked at the people I'd grown up with who hadn't played pro ball and I saw the level they were at in their professional careers," he says. "I was at a point where I had to start at the bottom no matter what I got into. That alone was difficult. It was like being a rookie in the real world. When I got into business full time, I realized I didn't know a damn thing about business."

When Reed hears about players having a hard time after leaving football, it doesn't surprise him.



"Professional football is a fantasy. Everything is done for you, and that goes back...to junior high for a lot of players."

—Oscar Reed

Paul Brown, the Bengals' general manager and a pro football coach for 25 years, has noticed a disturbing change in NFL players over the years. It has to do with money and motivation. They haven't grown equally.

"In the days of [Otto] Graham, [Dante] Lavelli, and [Marion] Motley in the 1950s with the Browns, a player's goal was to play pro football for whatever number of years he felt like doing it to accumulate money for a down payment on the house, expenses for the first babies, or offseason education," Brown says. "That's the way it was looked upon, and that's the way it still should be looked upon. Instead, we have some guys making \$100,000 a year who owe everybody and his brother. It's really too bad."

Success breeds success, and successful football players have a way of becoming successful businessmen.

Is there life after football? Yes. Is everybody capable of finding it? Apparently not. It takes planning, offseason preparation and a large capacity to adjust—physically, emotionally and financially. One thing it is not, is easy.

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## LITTLE CANTON'S BIG WEEKEND

he faces are Grant Wood, American Gothic come to life. Four of Gabriel's angels huff and puff from atop the court house, sending silent notes over a town where Perry Como gets no worse than an even split with Bruce Springsteen. The work ethic glints in every eye. Mom's apple pie isn't a confection but a workable value. Hot dogs and hamburgers are entrees here. Dad hollers, "Boy?" Boy snaps. "Sir?"

You want 1925, maybe 1955...long for Chuck Berry, chopped and channeled Ford coupes, grass getting cut rather than smoked, life that is laid-back? Contentment? Bowling for dollars on the tube, teenagers on the frontporch swing? A real place to raise your kids? Hey, even Pro Football's Greatest Weekend?

realest weekend?

Try Canton, Ohio.

An establishment called Walther's stands at 19th Street N.W. and Maple Avenue. Canton's soul lurks there.

Sure, there is glitter elsewhere. The Hall of Fame, so vital to the town that it begat the Hall of Fame auto parts, body shop, food and vending company, bowling lanes, sky diving club, racquetball center, and window cleaners. The Canton Memorial Civic Center, stately and modern and equal to similar buildings in cities without grit under their fingernails. Belden Village, a sprawling shopping area. The Newmarket project downtown, which is ballyhooed on billboards that shout, "Downtown Canton... Where A New Day Is Dawning!"

Still, the action is in Walther's, a neighborhood bar-restaurant in the modest white frame house in which 87-year-old Heinie Walther was born and where his son Carl and grandson Jan were raised.

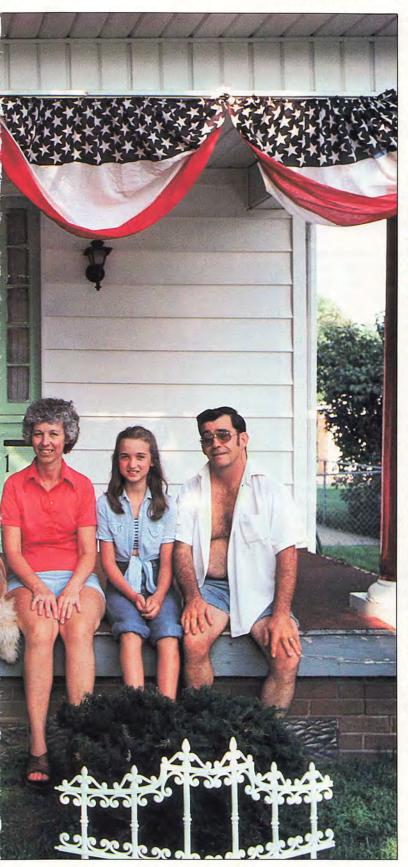
Two large charcoal drawings cover the wall behind the bar. In one, Paul Brown prowls the sideline in snapbrim and scowl; in the other, a Canton half-back, circa 1935, makes a Massillon linebacker miss in the open field. A 1981 American League schedule hangs on the back of a door. On the opposite side, Gert leans through an open window to peddle state lottery tickets to the drivers of an endless stream of cars snaking through the parking lot in search of quick rescue from the factory.



## Mom's apple pie, hot dogs, and football rule in mid-Ohio...and not just on enshrinement weekend at the Hall of Fame.

Text by Phil Musick

Photographs by Ross Lewis





Mid-American idyll: Canton readies itself for the big event. It's a source of civic pride and more, the feeling that for a few hours the NFL will receive its annual due recognition.



"This is a betting town," says Bill, a customer with broken veins crawling across his bulbous nose. "Even the high school games are on the pool sheets. Canton McKinley loses, you can hear the tears hit the bar in here."

Bill sniffs, gulps. "Not as bad as it used to be in the thirties, though."

Salt shaker sentinels sit every 18 inches around the five-sided bar, where Busch and Stroh's fight evenly for supremacy. Baseball caps tilt over lined faces, and eyes that linger on strangers for long moments.

"Yeah, this definitely is a sports town," says the bartender, Gary Beadle, pouring a neat ounce of bourbon for a tiny woman who tosses it away and puts a long pull of beer behind it. "Indian country, for baseball. Walsh and Malone, the colleges, have good basketball teams once in a while. Heinie used to sponsor maybe a half-dozen different teams. Had to give them up last year, though. Mostly it's football."

Football.

If California is oranges and impossibly blonde starlets, if Kansas is flat and the Future Farmers of America, if Georgia is red clay and state troopers in sunglasses, then Canton is roller bearings and polyester and lunch buckets and doing right...and football.

To list the outstanding players and coaches from the area simply would use up too much space. Dozens of NFL stars, many times more memorable college players. Consider: When Canton High School played Massillon in 1968, the opposing coaches were Earle Bruce, now of Ohio State, and Don Nehlen, now of West Virginia.

Approaching Canton from the North, the Tuscarawas Valley is broad. Heavy industry huddles along the Tusc River to the left; small towns full of white frames and Pizza Huts and Mobil stations unfold to the right, ushering Interstate 77 into the city proper. Suddenly, the valley narrows, and the road lifts as it passes the Pro Football Hall of Fame and Fawcett Stadium, a 22,500-seat bowl. A high school stadium. A lot of the gleam was rubbed off Paul Brown in that stadium before he moved from Massillon to become the stuff of legend, first at Ohio State, then in Cleveland and Cincinnati.

It is like this between Canton and Massillon: In Walther's, graffiti defiling Massillon is etched in the marble over a urinal. Since 1905, the two towns have been at one another across a line of scrimmage. In Massillon, some old men still spit when they mention Jim Thorpe; in Canton, mouths turn down at Paul Brown's name.

Each winter, in the final game of the season, usually on a night so cold a single trumpet note can be heard for miles, they meet. Massillon Stadium is as large as Fawcett—do any towns in America eight miles apart have such high school stadiums?

"You still really have to know somebody to get a ticket," says Linda Marsch, a secretary, Canton McKinley, class of 1976. In her senior year, you didn't. Canton McKinley was suspended that season for recruiting violations.

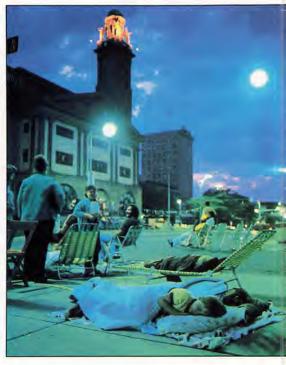
"They got turned in by a coach downstate for re-crooting...two brothers," says a Walther's regular. "He *knew* they had been re-crooted. That's the way *be* got them."

Obviously, there is considerably more to Canton, Ohio, than football, although it seems more a part of the town than most. In general, it is a small city in mid-America, if grittier, older, and maybe brisker than most. More than 100,000 population if you believe the mayor; about 90,000 if you lean toward the census figures. Focal point for Stark County, third tier south of Lake Erie on the dull grid upon which Ohio rests; 380,000 people who give the area, more than anything else, a feeling of comfortable stability. What you get from well-made 10-year-old bedroom slippers. Where the Boy Scout virtues are lived rather than smiled at. Where, when Kathy Seldon opens her dentist office, it's worth a four-column headline in the city's newspaper, which is called the Repository but known - and not without a certain affection — by an altered version of the word. Where, when Eulene Rogers returned home recently after cashing a \$10 money order at the Central Trust and discovered \$1,000 in her envelope, she immediately rushed back to the bank to fix the error. Where the Civic Center marquee heralds the arrival of

Continued on page 96





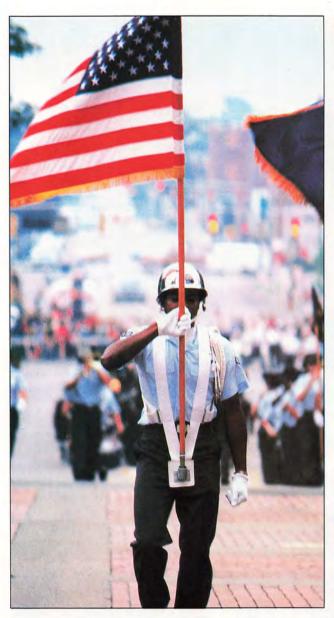


If you listen carefully, you can bear the drum roll beginning to build; a sleepy mid-American town is stirring....



Events leading up to Game Day: a fashion show with a football focus, a Friday night banquet, securing a prime view for Saturday morning's parade... and, when the dawn's early light does arrive, the lull before the celebration...stolen moments of sleep, saving up for a day of high energy and serious flag-waving. The mood, for now, is quiet, but Canton's salute to itself needs some introspection before it can burst full-force onto the town's consciousness. Get ready....









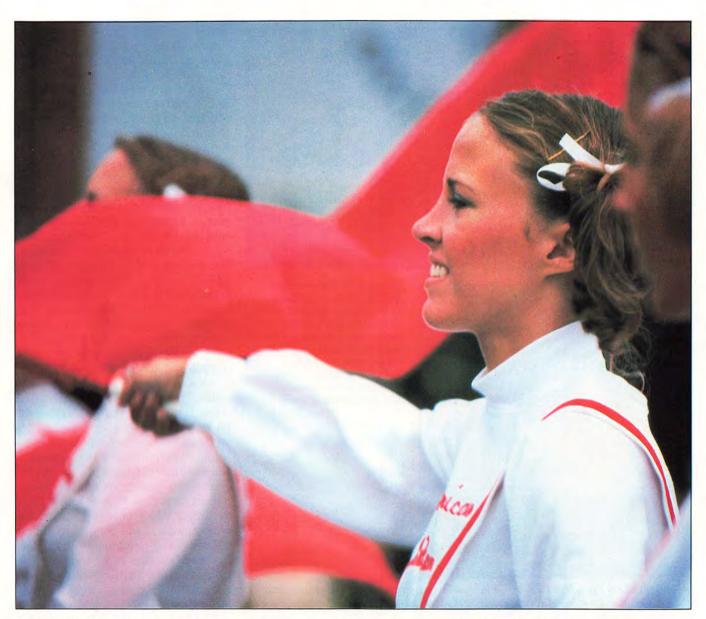




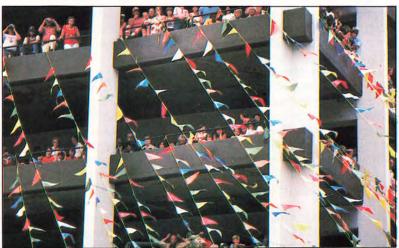




## Someone lets go a gyroscopic color wheel, and all downtown is awash with the sights and sounds of "Pro Football's Greatest Weekend."



This is it. The face of football smiles out of a small town in Ohio, and its message is banner-positive. Leave all doubts behind, Canton tells us. The genuine article, its roots firmly embedded in a little automobile showroom, has generated more than 60 years of boopla and flash. Five months from now, at the other end of the cycle, they'll put the ball on a kicking tee and say, "This is for the championship of the NFL." Right now, bowever, the competitive aspect of the game matters very little. Today's theme is the restorative power that grows not necessarily from 22 men pushing each other around a 100-yard stretch of midwestern lawn, but from the good feeling it generates among the bystanders.







Above, 1981 Pro Football
Hall of Fame inductees
Morris (Red) Badgro,
George Blanda, Willie
Davis, and Jim Ringo; below,
more festivities, as a sky
diver parachutes into
Fawcett Stadium during
balftime of the annual
NFL preseason opener.

Duane Hobbs's Miracle Crusade.

In 1894, the Canton Bulldogs—to this day, no one knows the derivation of the nickname—and Massillon had at each other for the first time in the infant sport of professional football. Canton prevailed 6-0, but not before Miller, an umpire from Massillon, called back a long run by Day, a halfback from Canton, and "an almost superhuman" goalline stand by the winners.

Stark County was hooked; the rest of the country soon would be.

"It wouldn't surprise if the combined payroll for the teams reaches \$20,000 next year...reported a suspicious journalist."

It did. The following year, fervor demanded two games. Canton won the first 12-5, and Massillon regrouped

with an eye toward varying forms of skullduggery. "Massillon sprung a surprise," cried the *Repository*, aghast at Canton's 13-6 defeat in the second game. The surprise much later came to be known simply as the power sweep. In fact, Massillon sprung two surprises, the second when coach Blondy Wallace bribed a Canton player so clumsy in deceit that he was uncovered by teammates, who forced him to leave town the afternoon of the game "still wearing his football togs."

The rivalry—now in schoolboy form and vested in football's greatest Friday night—never has cooled. Canton fans stormed the field in 1915 to protect a late 6-0 lead. When Thorpe came to town several years later, he spread the rumor he was injured, had a

friend bet \$2,500 on Canton, and led the Bulldogs to an easy victory. He knocked Knute Rockne, a Massillon defensive end, into a water bucket. When Thorpe led Canton to successive undefeated seasons in 1922 and 1923, the Bulldogs were declared world champions. Their rivalry with Massillon was, and is, such that, as someone said, "The Charge of the Light Brigade was but a pink tea by comparison."

Now the big game has a rival, the first NFL preseason encounter, held each year at Fawcett as the centerpiece of "Pro Football's Greatest Weekend," which also includes: the Mayor's Breakfast on Friday morning (attendance: 2,000); the Enshrinees Civic Dinner Friday night (3,000); the Festival Parade Saturday morning (250,000); the Hall of Fame Brunch and Fashion Show Saturday noon (3,000), the enshrinement ceremonies Saturday afternoon (8,000), and, traditionally, fair weather.

A cacophony of stone, brick, and glass, the Hall of Fame has gone through three expansions, leaving the impression that it was designed by five architects who never met to house a splinter group from the First Church of Science Fiction. Glass walls, some concave, some convex, undulate between a main section of stone—topped by a thrusting white cupola. "An orange juice squeezer," someone once said.

Inside, it is much better—airy and just sleek enough to make some visitors long for a pile of dirty socks thrown into a corner or a discarded kicking tee.

The Hall of Fame is not typical to Canton. Were it, it surely would look something like the buff post office, stolid and four-square, which squats at 2nd Street S.W. and Cleveland, where Ralph Hay's Hupmobile dealership once stood and where on September 17, 1920 George Halas and other men long dead sat on a running board and conceived the professional football organization that would become the National Football League.

Four decades later. In 1962, Canton certainly had become pro football's nursery, if not its cradle. Pete Rozelle came to town. He turned over a spadeful of dirt by I-77, and said, "How lucky the NFL is to have picked Canton."

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## THE TRAINER

## By Jerry Rhea, Atlanta Falcons, with Ron Hudspeth

Jerry Rhea has been the Atlanta Falcons' trainer for 11 seasons. Before that he was an assistant with the Los Angeles Rams. The 45-year-old Rhea was selected Professional Trainer of the Year by the National Athletic Trainers Association in 1979.

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I WAS THE WORST ATHLETE EVER TO come out of Ennis, Texas, High School. They lettered me out of loyalty. I guess that's really how I got to be a trainer. I couldn't play, so I did the next best thing to be around it.

I was lucky I went to Texas A&M. That's really where I got my break. I had gone there, believe it or not, to be an electrical engineer. Don't ask me why. I appreciate air conditioning and electricity, but the thought of having a nine-to-five job...well, that just ain't me.

There was an old trainer there named Shorty Harper. He gave me a job in the training room. He was a great salty character with a lot of philosophies like "You can't trust a man who won't chase women or drink with you." He taught me a lot. I mean about training.

The coach was a fellow named Bear Bryant. Those were some great years. Football was king, and, thinking back, it was kind of romantic. I don't think the place has been the same since Bear, John David Crow, and I left. Just kidding!

I've never had any problems working with coaches so far. Leeman Bennett [Falcons coach] is as good as any man I've ever worked for. He's such a loosey-goosey type guy.

I remember when he came here, and we played our first preseason game in St. Louis against the Cardinals. I didn't know him very well and wasn't really sure what to expect. The game was a real stinker. We won 3-0, but it may have been one of the worst games ever played.

It was late in the game, and I think we'd just fumbled away a drive. I was standing alone at the 35 yard line, and I looked up to see Leeman beating a path toward me. I said to myself, "Oh, hell, he's blown his cool now and I'm gonna catch it." He looked at me, grinned, and



said: "How in the hell would you like to have paid twelve bucks to see this stinker?"

It's really pretty difficult to define what a trainer does. We've tried to come up with a better name. Things like conditioning coach or athletic therapist, but none quite fit. I guess what a trainer really does is a nickel's worth of 20 things. I don't do a dollar's worth of any one thing. I tend to do everything from concussions and broken bones to social disorders.

You can get a degree in college now to learn how to do this, but there's no substitute for experience. They don't really teach you what to do the first time a player is face down in the mud, not breathing, or unconscious, and you're the first to get to him.

They don't teach you about the different personalities of the players. I have to learn how to handle each type. Some, I play to their ego or pride. Others, I have to browbeat.

Every trainer deserves to have one like middle linebacker Tommy Nobis. Tommy was throwback to the old days. He came to play on Sundays, no matter what. He hated the training room. He didn't even want anyone to know he was in there taking treatments, but he always did exactly what I said because his attitude was: "Do anything you want to me, as long as it makes me ready for Sunday afternoon. I gotta play."

This job is a whole lot more fun when you're winning. It's awful when you lose. Monday after a loss there will be

twice as many guys in the training room asking for treatment than (there are) after a win.

I don't fear the chronic injuries all that much. The ones who have been hurt before know pretty much what to expect. The ones who really scare me are the ones who haven't been hurt before. Those are the ones who come back too soon and hurt themselves again.

Sometimes I think to myself, "Hell, we'll never get them all well," but somehow we do. Why, some of them are questionable right up to kickoff. I look at some on Saturday, and say there's no way they can play.

Game days are the best. There's still a magic about it that never goes away. You feel you're part of it whether you carry the ball or not. Every week it's a crisis. I know I'm going to feel either real great or real bad. That's why I've got a better job than most people.

When the game begins, someone, either myself or my assistant, Jay Shoop, always is watching the field—all of the time. The first thing we do after every play is count the shirts with our colors. We hope every play we can count 11 of ours.

Here again you have to know personalities. There are some who will lay out after every play. You don't want to look foolish running out there when someone really isn't hurt, but you want to be there right away if someone is. You have to get used to their gait.

Halftime is the most hectic. We have all those hurts to look after. And we have to give the doctors time to get a better look. The time just flies.

If a player gets hurt, we have to let the coaches know right away so they can adjust. Mostly, though, we work through the assistant coaches, not the head coach. About the only time we would go to the head coach would be if it were the quarterback because the head coach has too much else to worry about.

I'm a trainer because I enjoy it. There are a lot of things I could have done to make more money, but never for one second have I been sorry I chose to do what I'm doing.

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## PEOPLE

## By Ed Wisneski

### Hail to This Chief

KANSAS CITY CHIEFS PLACEKICKER Nick Lowery knows as much about filibusters as football. In the past three years he has learned that persistence pays off in both.

Lowery had the second highest field goal percentage (20 of 26, .769) in the AFC last year in his rookie season with the Chiefs. He is a veteran on Capitol Hill, which is about 13 miles from his home in McLean, Virginia.

In the summer of 1977, following his junior year at Dartmouth College, Lowery served as an intern for Senator John Chafee (R-Rhode Island). During the past three springs, he has worked for Chafee, Representative Bob Packwood (R-Oregon), and Representative Richard Bolling (D-Missouri), who is chairman of the House Rules Committee.

Packwood was the ranking minority member of the Commerce, Science, and Transportation Committee. It was appropriate that he had Lowery, a well-traveled aide, on his staff.

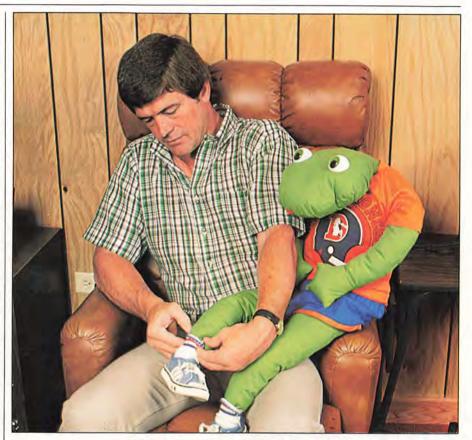
Lowery was born in Munich, Germany, and spent part of his childhood kicking soccer and rugby balls in England, where his father worked for the State Deprtment at the American Embassy in London. He attended St. Albans High School in Washington, D.C., where "I was too slight [6 feet 3 inches, 155 pounds] to be anything else but a placekicker on the football team." He went to school the next four years in Hanover, New Hampshire, at Dartmouth, placekicking for the football team.

It wasn't until he tried to make an NFL team, however, that Lowery truly became an expert on United States geography.

In 1978 and 1979, eight teams either waived Lowery or didn't sign him after a tryout. Three teams rejected him twice.

He originally signed as a free agent with the New York Jets, was released after three preseason games, and returned to Hanover to work as a waiter in a restaurant called The Bull's Eye. A month later, in a tryout at New England,

continued on page 104



## The Frog in a Fishbowl

SHORTLY AFTER DAN REEVES WAS named head coach of the Denver Broncos last spring, he discovered that the public and media would scrutinize him a lot more closely than when he was offensive coordinator of the Dallas Cowbovs.

One of Reeves's introductions to the "fishbowl" life of an NFL head coach came in the form of a letter following his first press conference in Denver.

"The guy wrote that I was a champion of the 'you-knows,' Reeves said with a laugh. "He counted the number of 'youknows' I said in the press conference."

Reeves told the story to a group of writers and broadcasters at the AFC West Media Seminar in Seattle last April. A few moments later, someone asked him about the gold chain with a frog that he was wearing around his neck.

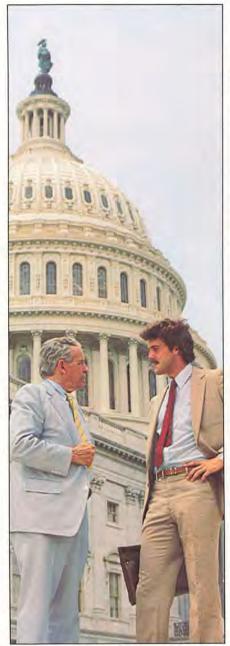
"My nickname is 'Frog,' " Reeves said.

"Walt Garrison [former Cowboys running back who played alongside Reeves] started it. He said my stance was so close to the ground that I looked like a frog. Later I was called 'Red Frog.' I did a commercial for a hair stylist, and they put something in my hair that turned it red."

Naturally, Reeves's story appeared in the Denver papers the following day.

A short time later, Reeves was crossing the street on his way to the Broncos' practice field when a car full of fans stopped him. They presented Reeves with a gift—a stuffed green frog about three feet tall, outfitted in a Broncos T-shirt, blue shorts, and matching sneakers.

The frog occupies a spot in Reeves's office, but it still doesn't have a name. The way Broncos fans respond, you know, they'll probably offer a lot of, you know, suggestions.



Lowery worked at the Capitol for Representative Bolling (D-Missouri).

he kicked enough bull's eyes to get a contract. Lowery kicked in two regular season games, making all seven extra point attempts and missing his only field goal try. Then the Patriots cut him.

Lowery paid his own way to Tampa Bay, showed up uninvited at the Buccaneers' practice, and talked his way into showing them what he could do. They weren't impressed. Neither was Philadelphia or Baltimore.

In the 1979 preseason, Lowery was cut by Cincinnati and Washington (twice). New Orleans called him when Russell Erxleben was injured. The Saints were about to sign Lowery when Garo Yepremian became available. Yepremian got the job. San Diego summoned Lowery when Rolf Benirschke (who grew up in Hanover) was hurt, but the Chargers chose Mike Wood instead. The Colts and Jets took second looks at Lowery and came away with the same conclusions they had the first time.

Lowery was just about convinced that his future lay in politics, not placekicking. But Cleveland, Baltimore, and Kansas City all wanted to sign him after the 1979 season. He chose the Chiefs despite the fact he would have to beat out Jan Stenerud, the sixth-leading all-time scorer in the NFL who had been with the Chiefs since Lowery was in grade school at St. Paul's in London.

"He was my hero when I started kicking," Lowery says. "I patterned myself after him."

Lowery outkicked his idol and won the job. He made 12 of his first 14 field goal attempts during the regular season—three of them from more than 50 yards, including a 57-yarder that set a Chiefs record and tied the third longest kick in NFL history. He finished with 97 points (37 of 37 extra points, 20 of 26 field goals), the most by a Chiefs kicker since 1971. Three of his six field goal misses came from 50 yards or beyond.

After two years of failure and frustration, why the instant success? "I worked out on Nautilus on a consistent basis for the first time," Lowery says. "The longest field goal of my career had been fiftyone yards in college, but when I made the fifty-seven yarder, it didn't just barely make it, it hit the middle of the net. I'm more flexible, and the strength definitely helps."

In the offseason, Lowery also has been taking karate and aerobic dance lessons, which he feels help the explosion in his foot kick as well as improving his balance and body control.

"Making it through an entire season was an unbelievable surprise," Lowery says. "At the beginning of training camp, I had a great fear of getting cut, but a big voice inside of me kept saying, "You're good enough."

Now there's a voice saying, "Don't get overconfident."

"I do agree with Satchel Paige—you can't look over your shoulder because someone may be gaining on you," Lowery says. "You can't ever take this job for granted. I sure as hell learned that in the past three years."

## Presidential Handoff Before Takeoff

WHAT DOES ONE PRESIDENT SAY TO another president when they meet? Last spring Gerald Ford and Jim Kensil talked about football.

Kensil, who has been president of the New York Jets since 1977, was introduced to Ford at a luncheon at Hofstra University in Hempstead, Long Island, where the Jets' training center is located. Ford was there to receive an honorary degree.

"How's Ralph Clayton doing?" Ford asked Kensil, who was a bit surprised and obviously pleased that Ford knew something about the Jets. Clayton, who, like Ford, played at the University of Michigan, was one of the Jets' second-round draft choices in 1980 but missed the entire season with an injury.



Jim Kensil (right) greets Gerald Ford as Secret Service Agents watch closely.

Kensil decided to put together a bag full of Jets mementos for the former President. Clayton and coach Walt Michaels autographed an official NFL ball. Kensil also included a Jets jersey with Ford's name and number 48 (Ford's uniform number at Michigan), a money clip, and a key chain.

Kensil brought the equipment bag to one of the practice fields, where a helicopter was waiting for Mr. Ford.

Kensil saw a Secret Service Agent nearby, introduced himself, and asked him if he wanted to inspect the contents of the bag. The agent squeezed the jersey, checked an envelope that contained a personal note from Kensil, shook the football a couple of times, and held it up next to his ear.

Having checked everything thoroughly, the agent handed the bag back to Kensil.

When Ford finally was ready to leave, he thanked Kensil and said, "Have a good year."



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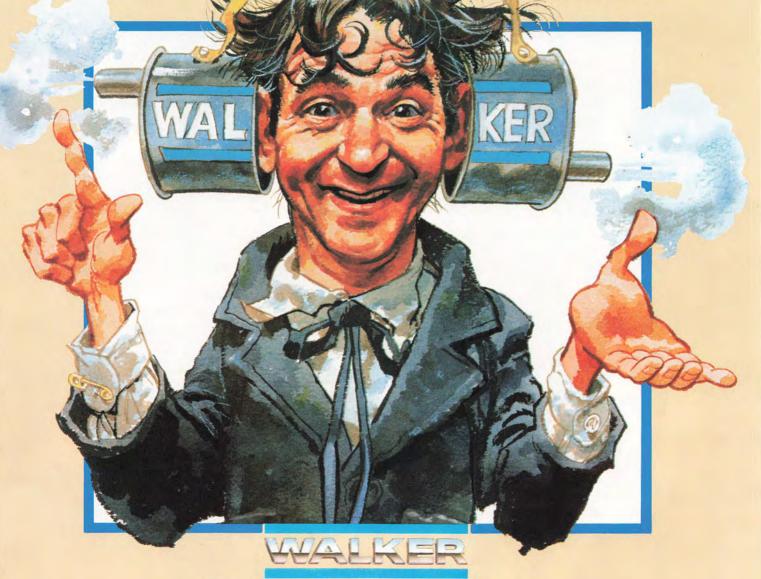
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## PEOPLE



Dallas's Ed (Too Tall) Jones (left) and Bruce Thornton practice stick fighting.

## Cowboys Stick 'Em Up

WHEN MOST NFL TEAMS WARM UP BEfore a practice, it's about as exciting as a one-yard plunge. There are the usual jumping jacks, isometrics, and stretching exercises. This year the Dallas Cowboys have added some punch to the prepractice ritual. They fight with sticks.

Bob Ward, the Cowboys' scholarly conditioning coach (he has a doctorate), hasn't gone mad in the midday Texas sun. He's an innovator who has introduced such head-turners as the Sensory Isolation Tank and computerized weight-lifting to the Cowboys' training program. Since coming to Dallas in 1975, Ward has used some form of martial arts every season. This year he's introduced stick-to-stick combat that is one part of a Filipino martial arts program called *escrima*.

So far there have been no casualties. "You hit each other on the finger sometimes when you miss the other guy's stick," says all-pro defensive tackle Randy White, whom professor Ward considers the valedictorian of his martial arts class. "You're really not trying to kill the other guy. You've got to be careful. You take it really slow. You don't start off on top."

The Cowboys first were exposed to escrima last spring in a two-day orientation period for veterans that marked the start of the team's offseason conditioning program. During one lunch break, the Cowboys suddenly noticed there were strangers in their midst, two smiling Filipino martial arts experts carrying a bag of wooden sticks.

If any of the players were fanatics of Kung Fu movies, they probably recognized one of them—Dan Inosanto, who appeared in several films with the late Bruce Lee and is making another with Burt Reynolds. Ward and Inosanto went to school together at Whitworth College in Spokane, Washington.

Inosanto and his sidekick Richard Bustilo went through their routine, using everything from hands to knives. Then they applied their movements to particular problems in particular football positions.

"It's got to have some value to the player...otherwise it's a futile warming-up exercise," Ward says. "I'm trying to help our guys become more aware of how their bodies function. You learn you do have different patterns of movement. By understanding these patterns, you hopefully can transfer that to patterns you use on the field."

"With the new pass rush rules, offenses are allowed to use their hands more," White says. "There's a lot of grabbing and pushing and pulling. Working with Bob, you're more aware of your hands and what you can do with them when you're rushing the passer. It also teaches you a lot about balance and leverage. A lot of guys are right-handed and can't use their left arm as well. I'm one. I think this training has improved my left arm as well so I can use it a lot better."

Escrima drills are optional for the Cowboys. "You get a lot of things thrown at you, and you just take what you think will help you," White says. "A lot of times I drill it [the stick] by myself, against a tree or a tire or something."

The next time you see a big man banging a small stick against the side of a large tree, don't be alarmed. He might play for the Dallas Cowboys.

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## An Offseason Fish Story

By Dave Wielenga



Stalls holds a model shark while the real thing swims in a tank behind him.

THE WATER IN THE 400,000-GALLON, black-walled aquarium at San Diego's Sea World marine park is coming to a figurative boil. Not from heat, but from energy—the considerable and frightening energy of the dozen or so sharks that are cutting across the surface.

"It's feeding day," says Dave Stalls, the marine biologist who is standing so close to the edge of the tank that he could reach out and touch the dorsal fins as they circle past him. "The sharks are getting excited."

What might happen if someone were to fall into the water at that moment? "My guess," Stalls says, "is that it wouldn't be the safest place in the world."

Neither is the floor of a National Football League stadium on game day. Stalls, a defensive lineman for the Tampa Bay Buccaneers, works there, too.

The 25-year-old Stalls has been a success in both jobs. In four years as a professional football player (he played three seasons with Dallas before he was traded to Tampa Bay last year), Stalls has appeared in two Super Bowls. In his last three years as a scientist, he has published two research papers on his experiments with shark behavior.

He also has determined his priorities.

"I'd rank the research papers just ahead of the Super Bowl ring," Stalls says. "Basically, I consider football a means to an end."

Translated, Stalls means that playing the game, which he enjoys, enables him to pursue the study of sharks, which he enjoys even more. "I sometimes get tired of talking about football," he says, "but I can talk about sharks forever. I like to think of myself more as a scientist than a football player."

Actually, Stalls might be considered something of a scientist even if all he did were play football. It has required at least as much mind as matter for him to forge his NFL career—particularly in his rookie year, when he earned a spot on the Cowboys' roster without the benefits of either a big frame or a big name.

"There was also a little luck involved," Stalls says. "It came down to the last cut of camp, and I made it because the guy I was battling with—who I figured would make it because he already had a year of experience—tore up his knee."

It's obvious that Stalls had a little to do with making—or at least taking advantage of—whatever luck came his way. Not many other 230-pound, seventh-round draft choices from Northern Colorado have done as well.

Stalls may owe some of his success to the scientific process he knows so well.

"I took it step by step," he says. "First, I wanted to prove something to myself. Players from smaller schools always wonder how they could compete against players from the big schools. It turned out that I could compete pretty well.

"Next, I wanted to dress out and run on the field for one preseason game. Then to play in one. Then to make the team. I never look too far ahead or assume anything, because nothing about football is certain. Your career could end tomorrow if you trip on a skate or if the team signs an all-pro free agent."

Still, Stalls keeps moving along, step by step.

"I achieved another goal in 1980," he says. "I have played in the league four years. That qualifies me for the pension."

Stalls doesn't limit his scientific approach to football. "I tend to look at a lot of things from an analytical standpoint," he says.

Three things Stalls spent a considerable amount of time analyzing during the offseason were bits of behavior he





has categorized as the "angle-up," the "sustained lean," and the "roll-arc."

However, don't expect them to turn up in his repertoire of pass-rushing techniques this season.

In fact, Stalls won't have an opportunity to use those terms again until this football season has ended, when he will continue his research into their significance in the behavior of sharks. More precisely, bull sharks. Or, for those who share Stalls's affinity for marine biology, carcharbinus leucas.

"Every once in awhile I may get into the library to keep up with the literature or visit the marine park in Orlando [Florida], which is only about oneand-a-half hours from Tampa," Stalls says. "But until January, football comes first."

His interest in sharks has led to a couple of predictable nicknames. "My teammates called me 'Jaws' at Dallas, and they call me 'Shark' in Tampa," says Stalls, who is studying for a masters degree in marine biology and also hopes to obtain a doctorate.

"I'd eventually like to get into a university situation," he says, "where I could teach a little and research a lot."

Stalls's research concerns the reaction of sharks to a variety of models he has placed in the tank.

"I have observed that when a shark is approached from behind or at anything less than a ninety degree angle, it exhibits certain behavior," Stalls says.

This behavior is the "angle-up" (a severe ascension in the swim path), the "sustained lean" (a rolling of the body to one side), or the "roll-arc" (a simultaneous rolling of the body while arcing it toward the surface).

"I'm trying to recreate this behavior



It's feeding time for the sharks, and maitre d' Dave Stalls leans over the edge of the tank to serve the first bite.

through the use of models," Stalls says. "It's my hypothesis that this behavior is an attempt to communicate, that it may be a warning that the sharks' personal space is being invaded."

One of the eventual results of these experiments may be the ability to predict when a shark decides to attack. For now, Stalls only has learned how difficult it is to fool a shark.

"The first models I used were plywood cutouts that floated on the top of the water," he says. "The sharks came by to look as if to say 'Get those pieces of wood out of the water.'"

Stalls since has used a long cylinder that was colored like a shark and a full-scale replica of a shark.

"I had varying bits of success," he says, "but I ran out of time when I had to be at camp.

"Football really can slow things down," Stalls says. "Of course, football also is what makes all of this possible. It not only gives me the time and money to pursue it, but helps me get my foot in a lot of doors."

Stalls's interest in sharks is unusual, especially for someone raised in Wisconsin and educated in Colorado.

"I majored in zoology and had a couple of professors who were into marineoriented fields," he says, "and I went on a research-oriented field trip to Jamaica three years in a row."

Stalls also saw the movie *Jaws*, which he admits stirred up a little additional interest. But he had never seen a shark until he visited Sea World. "When I did," he says, "that solidified it."

Stalls has an unusual explanation for his interest in sharks.

"I always have been interested in the underdog," he says.

That figures, when you consider how unlikely it is that Stalls made it in the NFL—Northern Colorado is not exactly a football factory. Most people have a tough time associating sharks with underdogs. That becomes even more difficult after watching the creatures turn the Sea World tank into a turbulent mix of fins and teeth during feeding sessions.

"Sharks have a bad reputation," Stalls says. "Few people understand them, and that often results in a lot of bad things for sharks. People try to kill them or hurt them even if the sharks aren't bothering them."

Stalls's scientific interest in sharks has evolved into something of a crusade to increase knowledge and, perhaps, understanding of sharks.

"That's why it is so exciting," he says. "It's such a wide-open field, and there is such a valuable purpose to it."

Perhaps there is another explanation as well. Perhaps after spending more than half the year inside the "fishbowl" of pro football—being observed, analyzed, and criticized—it is only natural that Stalls would want to reverse the situation.

Perhaps that is why two days each week during the offsesason, he rises before dawn, and drives 100 miles from Long Beach, where he lives with his wife Terri and a couple of cats, to San Diego, where he spends the day staring into Sea World's exaggerated fishbowl.

"I'm just fascinated by sharks," he says. "I think everyone is. If I was working with bacteria or with a chemical in the digestive system of kangaroo rats, it wouldn't be quite the same. That's a little harder to relate to."

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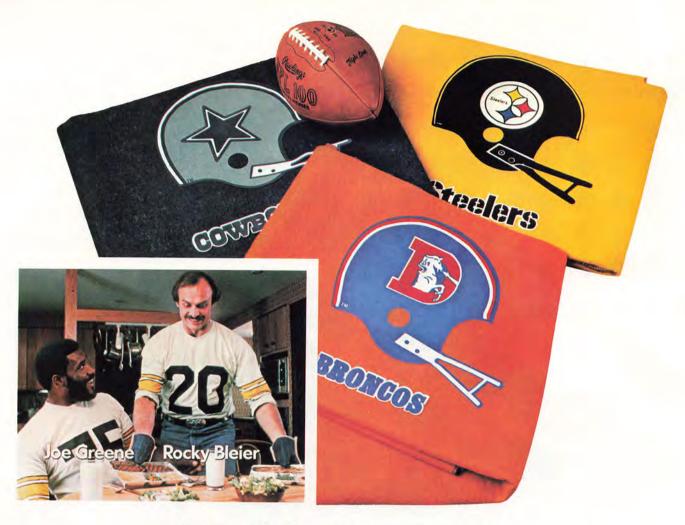
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### SUCCESS STORY

### Pat Haden

### A Winner...but Not a Crowd Pleaser By Ed Cray

"You go out to watch Little League," Pat Haden says, "and you see parents yell at their kids and the umpires, and coaches yell at the kids; and you see academic scandals on the West Coast; and you see Woody Hayes bit a player, and the alleged incident with Frank Kush, and you wonder, 'Hey, is this what

sports is about?'

"Sometimes we get spoiled by the incredible pressure on athletes, this winat-all-costs attitude starting at little league levels, going on to the high schools and colleges, the pressure by the alumni, fans, press, and coaches. I guess a lot of the alumni contributions to the major universities in this city are directly proportional to the football [USC] or the basketball [UCLA], record, and that's sad.

"Should a coach feel he failed when be loses two or three games, or six or seven? Even in losing all eleven games there are pure moments-of things to be learned and enjoyed about athletics. I'm not condoning not trying: I think there's no excuse for not trying. You try and you prepare and you play as best you can. But, jeez, there's so much there to be gained. Just the nature of the competition. The working with people from different parts of the country, from different socio-economic backgrounds. Black guys who went to black schools and never bave seen more than five whites in a room in their whole life. White guys from the South who never chose to spend time with blacks. Wealthy fellows, and quiet fellows, and bumorous fellows. People play together, and sacrifice, and learn. And you wonder why things don't happen more like that.

But the real thing to be gained from athletics is the exhilaration. It's as close to perfection as you can get. I think that's what sports are about: the purity, the nature of the competition, the sacrifice, the sharing. All the clichés are true.

"The attitude of winning-at-all-costs bas already set in before they're sixteen and the local Chamber of Commerce says, 'Hey, you're one belluva guy; you scored four touchdowns this week.' What about the damn students or all



the other community activities we can be involved with we don't hear much about? And yet there are all these rewards for teams that go ten-and-ob. Sure, you're rewarding excellence, and we want to reward excellence, but we don't want to reward this win-at-allcosts attitude."

AFTER A SEASON AND A HALF ON THE bench because of injuries and the creditable performance of his replacement, Vince Ferragamo, Pat Haden is the Los Angeles Rams' starting quarterback, again.

Ferragamo no longer is a Ram. He has decamped for Montreal and the Canadian Football League, abdicating as starting quarterback in favor of the once and future king, Pat Haden.

As he has twice before in his brief professional career, Haden must prove he deserves the position. "There will be the pressure to perform well, pressure from the fans, the media. There will be the inevitable comparisons with Vince's record last year." Haden is philosophical, understanding, and unaccepting. "At least fifty percent of this position is mental toughness, to be able to say, 'To hell with you people. I'm going out and I'm going to play well.'

In a city accustomed to championships, anything less than a Super Bowl appearance is construed as failure.

Pat Haden learned this early, a golden child of southern California, growing up in suburban Covina, playing Pop Warner football, then starring—as if success were inevitable—at Bishop Amat High School and at USC. Three Rose Bowl appearances later, the local boy was drafted by the local team, the Rams, on the seventh round in 1975. That, too, seemed fitting; the comparatively late selection reportedly stemmed not from doubts about his ability, but his announced intention to accept a Rhodes Scholarship to study at Oxford, England.

Instead, he passed up the Rams for a lucrative year with the Southern California Sun of the World Football League. The WFL schedule fit nicely with Haden's first half-year at Oxford reading politics, philosophy, and economics.

"After all the years of people patting me on the back since I was sixteen, the opportunity to get away from that, to be myself, was very refreshing. At Oxford, no one knew anything about football, nor did they care about it," Haden says. Master Haden, this charmed child for whom successes came so readily, discovered a new life.

One challenge, NFL football, remained, and in 1976. Haden showed up at the Rams' camp. James Harris, a Pro Bowl MVP the year before, was number one on the depth chart, Ron Jaworski number two. The rookie was number three.

He was the center of vet another quarterback controversy by season's end. Both Harris and Jaworski had been injured; Haden started the last seven games and ended the year unofficially the NFC's leading passer with a rating of 94.7 (he did not qualify, having thrown only 105 passes). By the opening of the 1977 season, both Harris and Jaworski had been traded; Pat Haden, seemingly fated since high school to lead the Rams, was a starter.

And a winner. In the 44 regular season games he started over the next four vears, the Rams went 30-13-1. In 1977, he was second in the league in pass ratings. In 1978, he was named to the Pro Bowl by his peers. He makes the point



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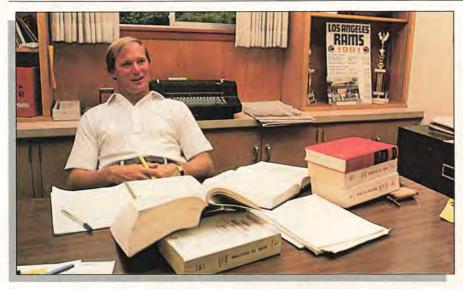
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The quarterback who would be a lawyer takes a break from his law books.

with a noticeable amount of pride.

Then came a freak accident. In the tenth game of the 1979 season, against Seattle, he was on his way to his best day as a pro, completing 17 of 21 (including a Rams' record 13 straight) for 172 yards and two touchdowns. But late in the second quarter, he caught the little finger of his throwing hand in the seam of the artificial turf at Seattle. As comparatively minor as a broken finger is in football, it is enough to keep a quarterback out.

Ferragamo took the 9-7, injury-riddled Rams through the playoffs to Super Bowl XIV and a 31-19 loss to Pittsburgh. Whatever the fans thought (the Rams were 4-5 under Haden, 5-2 with Ferragamo), coach Ray Malavasi promised, "When we go back to camp next year, you're my number one quarterback. Vince will have to beat you out."

"And I won the job back," Haden says. Haden lost it once again. In the first game of the season, Haden broke the forefinger of his throwing hand, catching it under tackle Doug France's shoul-

der pad.

The Rams and Ferragamo finished the regular season 11-5, then lost to Dallas in the first round of the playoffs. Ferragamo finished his contract, then departed for Montreal, "a mistake," Haden believes, "but then I don't know what Vince wants out of life."

Pat Haden once more was number one on the depth chart.

He is more philosophical this year. After six professional seasons, football no longer is the unalloyed joy of a Sunday afternoon. "You hope it's a game. But there are some ugly incidents: People booing Dan Pastorini while he was being carried off on a stretcher last year; or having them announce my injury last year on the scoreboard and the crowd cheering; or James Harris receiving critical mail to the point where he actually thought he was going to be shot."

Haden outwardly appears ordinary enough, muscled certainly, not muscular, 185 pounds apportioned in conventional manner. One wonders what succession of synapses, what combination of neuron paths, what sleight of handeye coordination makes Haden an NFL quarterback. He recognizes he is gifted beyond the measure of most, but he also works at his craft, honing his physical skills, and less tangibly, assuming the leadership demanded.

In former years, he believes, he burned himself out even before the training camp opened. This year, he alternated tennis with running  $2\frac{1}{2}$  miles three or four times a week, until May, when he showed up at the Rams' Anaheim headquarters.

Three mornings a week he worked out with an assortment of regulars and draftees.

Haden believes he is a better football player now than he was six years ago. "I know a lot more. The more experience you have, the better you are, I think."

Six years in the life of a man of 28 also is a great period to develop the intangible skills of leadership, the elusive qualities. Haden calls Dallas's Roger Staubach "the best quarterback I've seen. Not the best thrower—I think the best pure thrower I've seen is Sonny Jurgensen. Staubach won. He brought the team from behind. I don't know if that's leadership, or just playing really well

when the chips are down.

"Quarterbacking is a lot of things other than dropping back and throwing the ball, and calling the plays. A lot of it is handling people, recognizing the different personalities. Someone misses a block, you might say something to them in front of the other players, even embarrass them. Another player is just too sensitive [for a public scolding]."

He is not financially independent, despite his metallic brown Cadillac and his home in San Marino, a community of bankers and corporate executives. "I'm probably the only Democrat in San Marino," he says. Haden plans to play long enough to complete his law studies at Loyola-Marymount in Los Angeles, pass the bar exam, and begin a new career before "switching it off." He estimates he'll play another four years.

There are too many other things Haden wants to do. Between law school, football, and its offseason demands, there is little time for himself, his wife Cindy, or their three children. "I don't want to cheat my family. I really don't want to turn around when I'm forty and say, 'Hey, where are my kids? How can they be eighteen."

There are other reasons for Haden to suit up once more. There still is the exhilaration, the instant satisfaction. It's one of the few professions, he points out, where you have immediate gratification. "It's as close to perfection as you can get. You can execute a play as well as you possibly can, and it's going to come off right.

"When things are going right for me, everything's in slow motion. It's just a great feeling. It all happens in less than three seconds, but it really seems like twenty minutes. I take the ball from center, drop back, seeing everything that's happening."

Haden also is eager to prove himself capable of leading the Rams once again, and that at 5 feet 11 inches he is not too small—for the currently fashionable criticism among the half-knowledgeable. "Fran Tarkenton, the most prolific passer in NFL history is no taller than I," Haden says. "Bob Griese won two Super Bowls; he's no taller than I. John Brodie was certainly no giant."

Haden pauses, frowning. "I sound defensive about this. I'm not. I'm tired of it more than anything else. I don't know what I have to prove." He shakes his head, then adds, "It's not going to stop until I win the Super Bowl."

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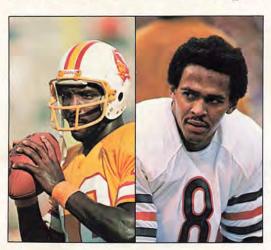
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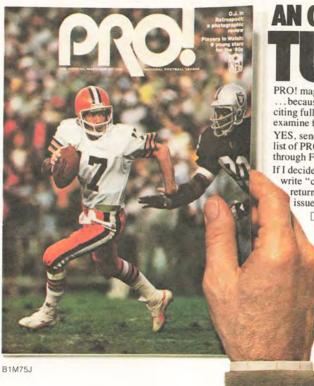
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